SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR DECEMBER

Saturday Review

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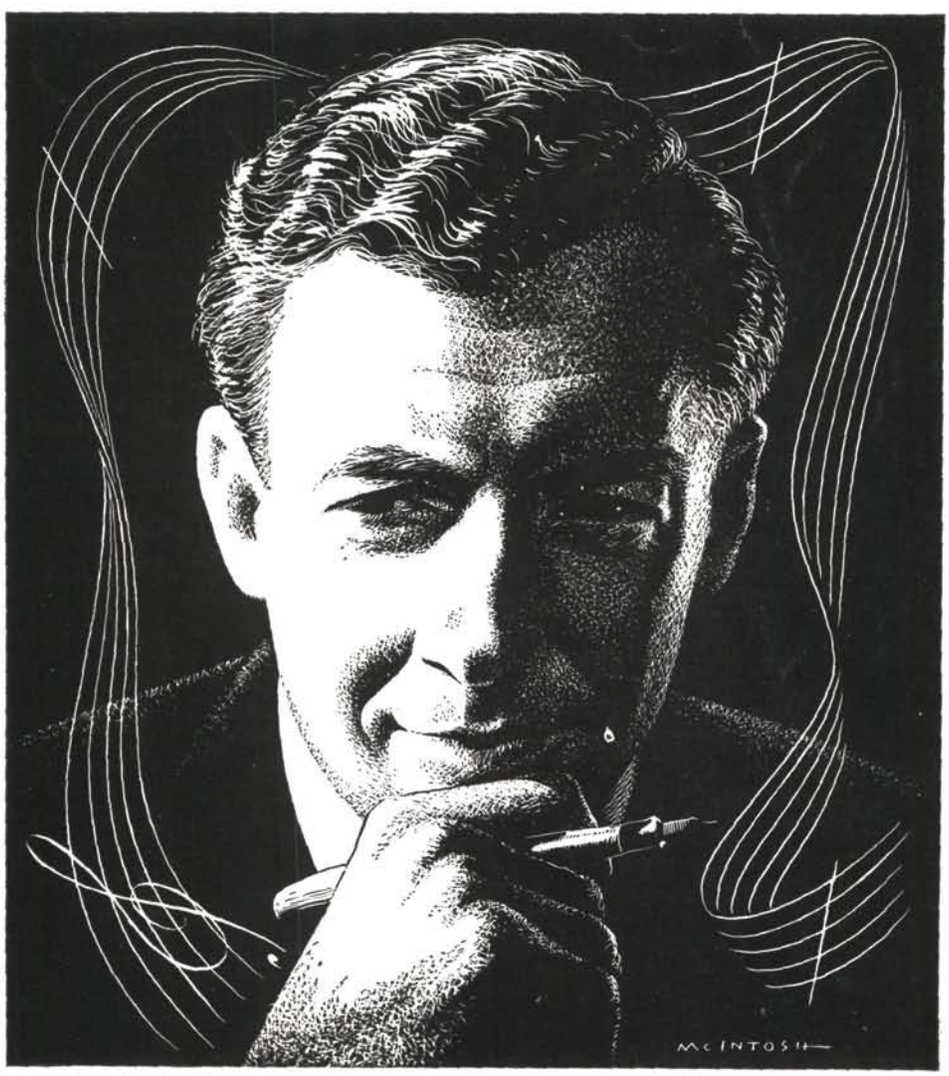

Benjamin Britten, composer to His Majesty, the child. *(See page 52)*

Nostalgia for the Ivy

By WILLIAM RANDEL

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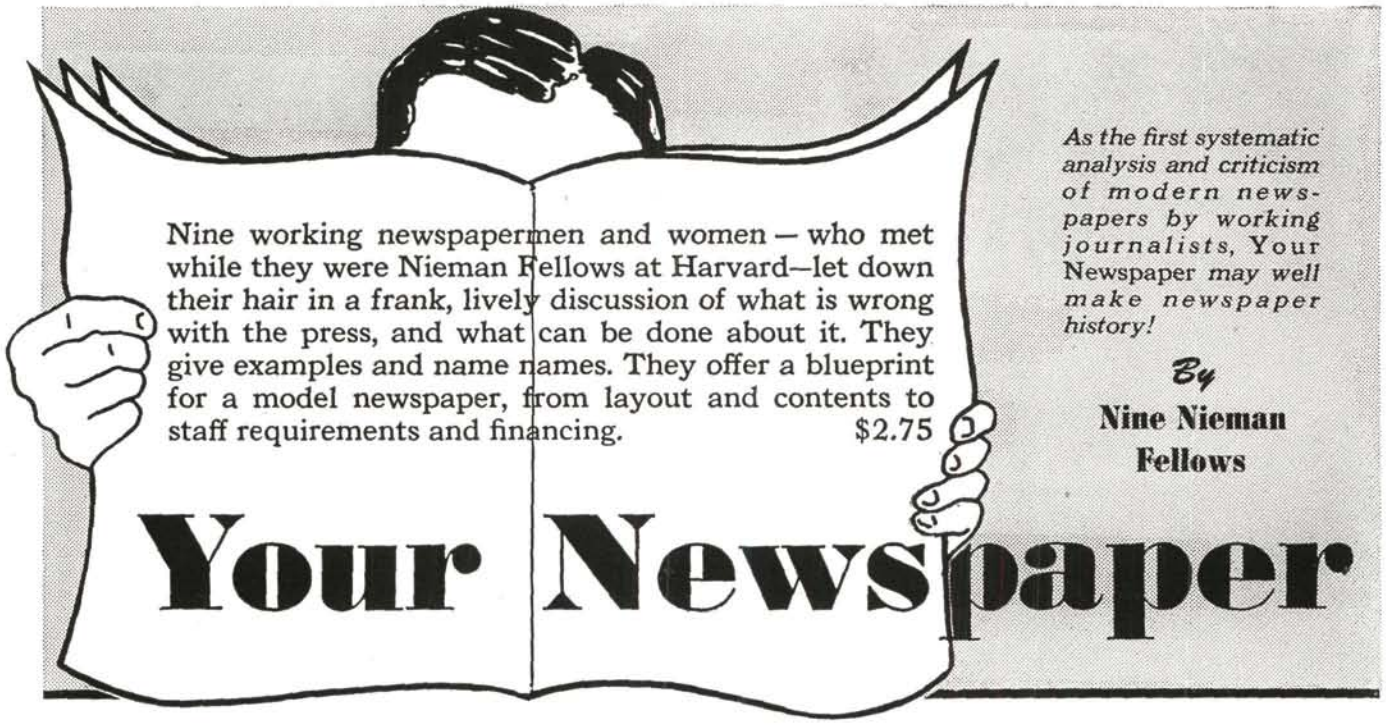

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November 29, 1947

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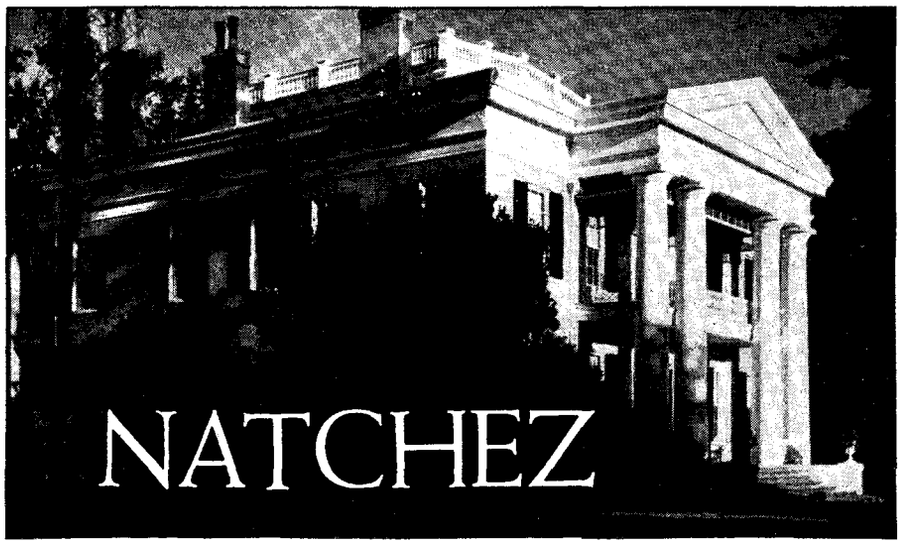

on the Mississippi

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SOME Portraits AND Paragraphs FROM Postscript TO Yesterday

AMERICA:
THE LAST FIFTY YEARS

by Lloyd Morris

➡ **ISADORA DUNCAN.** Her love affairs were numerous, and many were spectacular. Though they sprang from passion, Isadora conducted them on principle . . . She embarked on every love as if it were destined to be perfect and permanent. She was less promiscuous than psychically virginal. None of the major loves to which she gave herself brought her more than a transient happiness. Men failed her with a tedious unanimity. She asked nothing of them—except perfection . . . They wanted an adventure, and were offered an education.

➡ **THE GOLDEN TWENTIES.** Over the land, youth was convinced that life was lousy, but that sex might be swell. The word "neck" ceased to be a noun; abruptly became a verb; immediately lost all anatomical precision . . . "Normalcy" was being ushered in by the ubiquitous wail of the saxophone. By petting parties and gate crashing. By drunken brawls in exclusive country clubs. By bootleggers and speak-easies; rum-runners, hijacking, bank robberies. By a procession of weeping women eleven blocks long which filed past the mortal remains of Rudolph Valentino.

➡ **DUTCH SCHULTZ** performed a traditionally approved economic function. By effecting the consolidation of independent units, he eliminated waste, promoted efficiency and replaced the disorder of an obsolete individualism with rigorous discipline . . . He cheerfully recognized the "right of the inefficient to die" and made himself its willing instrument. Death solved the problem of competition.

➡ **MISS TEXAS GUINAN,** like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, wished to redeem her world from the cardinal sin of dullness. Like Mrs. Fish, she was singularly free of illusions and possessed a notable talent for imaginative insult. Seated in the center of her nightly bedlam, her diamonds blazing and her gown shining with sequins, armed with a clapper and police whistle to ward off any intolerable momentary silence, she would welcome patrons with a loud, cheerful, full-throated "Hello, sucker!" . . . Life, as she saw it from her table, had the look of madness and she took a malicious pleasure in abusing it, making it more wacky, stepping up its frenzy . . . By nature, she was a small-town woman, inclined to simple decencies.

➡ **THE "POETESS OF PASSION".** A stately figure, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was softly enveloped by plumes, chiffons and Oriental metaphysics. Her life was blameless, but her imagination simmered. Day after day she boiled gently, always with a singing sound. Over the land, millions of women throbbed to her verses.

➡ **ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.** He dripped sentimentality with the relentlessness of Chinese water-torture. Posing as a man-about-town, a supersophisticate, he was too naive to be aware how naive he was. He had the tongue of a viper, but the temperament of a schoolgirl; he wisecracked cruelly, or he gushed. Forests were laid waste in Finland, Canada, the remote American Northwest—and Woollcott spilled onto paper his peculiar brew of poison, treacle, and tears. He exemplified one phase of the times; for in any night club you could watch killers weeping whenever a torch singer broke out with a number about "Mammy".

"With an eloquence seldom heard nowadays, Lloyd Morris looks back at the years which saw a sweeping revolution in our American civilization . . . In few other works will you find the lives of so many contemporary American figures so brilliantly outlined against the civilization they helped to shape."

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TRADE Winds

A CONSPICUOUS CASUALTY of the post-war readjustment period in the publishing business has been the reprint market for best-selling novels of previous seasons. Originally known as "popular" or "motion-picture" editions, they were introduced originally by the late Alec Grosset, priced at 75c, and distributed chiefly in drug stores and bargain basements. Gradually the price was hiked to the current $1.49, and gradually, too, the time between original publication and the appearance of a cut-priced reprint was shortened. The sale of reprints mounted steadily until 1945, when some of the favored titles topped the half-million mark, and justified enormous advance guarantees to the original publishers. The scramble of the three leading reprint houses—Doubleday's Garden City subsidiary, Grosset & Dunlap, and World—for leaders jacked these guarantees beyond actual earning capacities even in the peak period.

The abrupt decline in the market means plenty of red ink for the houses that offered the biggest guarantees, with original publishers understandably reluctant to grant the rebates demanded. One big best seller of 1946, expected to sell a minimum of 100,000 copies at $1.49, had registered a sale of exactly 13,000 in its first eight weeks. Another had failed to hit even the ten-thousand mark. The increased price evidently has put these editions beyond the reach of the bargain hunters. Intensive efforts of book clubs, and spectacular ballyhoo and advertising by original publishers also are figured to have exhausted most of the potential market for leaders before they are released for lower-priced editions. Reprint men are falling back on old standard titles—books on gardening, medical encyclopedias, desk companions, and "how-to-do-it" tomes—to keep up their grosses.

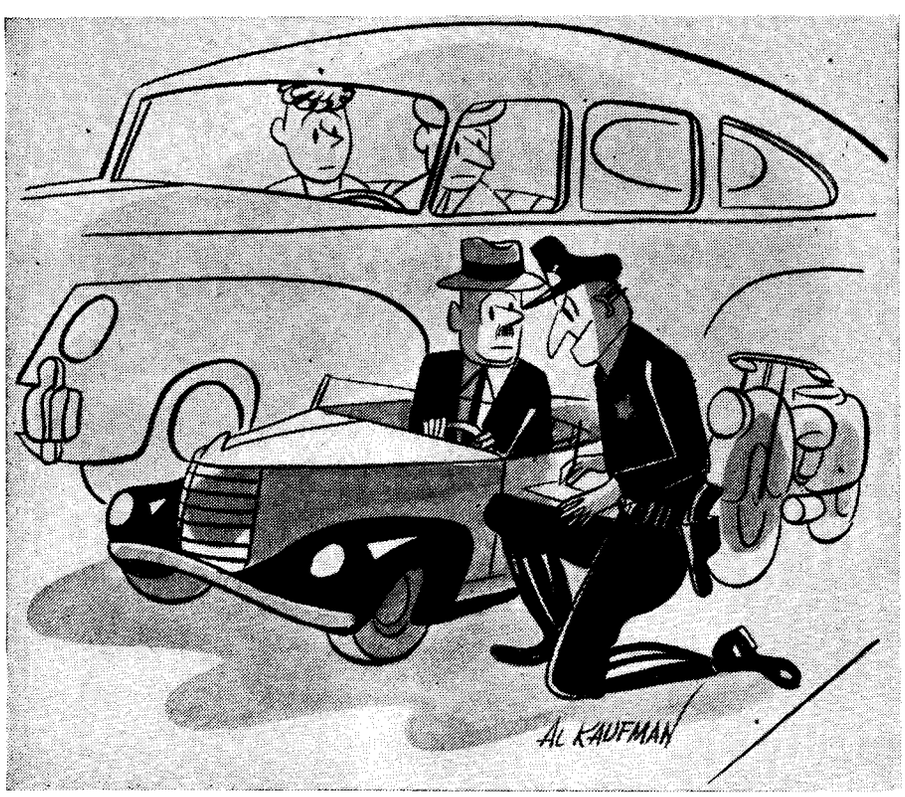
Further to complicate the situation, the bargain-book market has been flooded recently with staggering remainders of original editions. Optimists who assumed that boom times would continue forever cheerfully printed editions of fifty thousand copies and more of new books that failed completely as soon as the public stopped shelling out blindly for anything in print. Elaborate exploitation campaigns only multiplied the losses. Even the most conservative publishers frequently overestimated the demand for recognized leaders on their lists. Until these overstocks are digested, the men who operate the remainder houses can write their own tickets. . . .

ENDEAVORING TO CLEAN out his excessive inventories in a single fell swoop a few weeks ago, one of the most astute sales managers in Publishers' Row had the kind of experience that shakes men's souls. He had gone over his list item by item with the head of a remainder outfit, and came finally to his overstock of detective stories. One entry showed a balance of 7,500 copies in the warehouse. "This has been a tremendous seller for us," he declared (making a mental note to murder the editor of the mystery department at the earliest opportunity). "I never heard of it," the remainder king maintained stoutly. "Never heard of it!" echoed the sales manager incredulously. "It was the talk of the town." "Ten cents a copy," offered the dealer, vastly unimpressed. The deal was closed on that basis, and the sales manager told himself, "Anyhow, we're rid of that plug."

Several days later the sales manager made a distressing discovery. The 7,500 copies were the entire printing of a detective story that had not yet been published!

The author, of course, will receive full royalties on the entire printing. His publishers earnestly hope that he will never discover how the first edition was disposed of so quickly. . . .

COMING ATTRACTIONS: From Doubleday: "The Personal Diaries of Joseph Goebbels," translated by Louis P. Lochner, who says they are dynamite. . . . From Simon & Schuster: "A Treasury of Short Stories," edited by Bernardine Kielty. . . . From Whittlesey House: a novel by Kay Boyle, to inaugurate its new publishing program under the direction of Edward Aswell. . . . From Bobbs-Merrill: another book about Nashville from First Citizen Alfred Leland Crabb, called "Home to the Heritage." . . . From Rinehart: a new historical novel by Hervey Allen, "The City in the Dawn." Time: 1764. Place: Philadelphia. . . . From Coward-McCann: a reprint at last of the once-phenomenally popular juveniles of E. Nesbit. The first, "The Treasure Seekers," with new pictures by E. Walter Hodges, will be ready in the spring. . . . From Little, Brown: "This Was Normalcy," a study of party politics from 1920 to 1932, when Republicans occupied the White House. The author, Karl Schriftgiesser, is book editor of *Newsweek*. . . . From Harper's: a new novel by Aldous Huxley, laid in a California devastated by atomic bombs, and peopled by savages (from Hollywood?) who live like prehistoric men. An expedition from New Zealand, one of the few places on earth spared by the atomic war, comes to study the ways of these wild



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people. It crosses the Pacific under sail, because there is no oil in California to provide fuel for the return journey. This sounds like the most exciting Huxley book since his "Brave New World." . . . Charlie Jackson's new novel, which deals with a murder and its effect on an entire community, is completed, but he is having a hard time finding a satisfactory title. Knowing that Dorothy Parker is a whizz at that sort of thing, he persuaded her to read the manuscript. She phoned to tell him, "I've got it! 'Crime and Punishment, Junior'." . . .

THE FOLLOWING LETTER may be hard to believe, but it comes from one of the most reliable booksellers in the country, Walter B. Timms, of the Timms Libraries, with headquarters in Syracuse:

> As a note on the State of Civilization in the United States in this Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Seven, I thought that you and Laura Hobson might be amused and somewhat appalled to learn of the adult reaction to "Gentleman's Agreement," as exhibited by one of the leading female citizens in an up-State town in which we run a lending library.
>
> While the lady who owns the shop was out to lunch, the customer in question came in and asked for a book. Although her regular consumption consisted almost wholly of Kathleen Norris, Faith Baldwin, and Grace Livingston Hill, the helper who was left in charge of the store was unaware of it and suggested "Gentleman's Agreement," which the lady took.
>
> When the owner of the shop discovered this regrettable error, she was stricken at what she imagined the results would be. Therefore, she was greatly surprised when the lady came in a few days later, returned "Gentleman's Agreement," and said that she was thrilled with the book. It was one of the nicest, sweetest little stories she had read in years, and the hero and heroine were "darling."
>
> There was one point on which she desired enlightenment. She said there was a word which occurred all through the book which was unfamiliar and which she wished explained. She did not remember the exact spelling of the word, but it started with "a-n-t-i," here she hesitated a moment, and the next three letters were "s-e-m."
>
> Page Mencken! In future editions, would a glossary be in order? . . .

A glossary would never help a lady like that! What she should do, along with everybody else, is see the screen version of "Gentleman's Agreement." It simply could not be better. . . .

IRWIN EDMAN tells the story of a distinguished London philosopher whose most important lecture date coincided with a devastating air raid by Nazi bombers. He bravely continued his speech while missiles landed closer and closer. Chunks of plaster fell from the ceiling and the entire building rocked on its foundations. A member of the audience finally jumped to his feet and pointed out, "It *is increasingly evident, professor,* that our premises will not support your conclusions." . . . The notoriously absent-minded Irwin was a guest of the Robert Haases in their Vermont manse recently, and a very welcome one, too, despite a distressing habit of climbing out of the swimming pool, picking up a stray volume of Plato, and plopping himself, soaking wet, in Mrs. Haas's best chair. Mrs. Haas was busy at the time trying to house-break a new puppy. When she saw a pool of water on her library floor one morning, she wailed to the French maid, "C'est encore le chien." The maid answered, "Ah, non, madame. C'est encore le professeur!"

BENNETT CERF.

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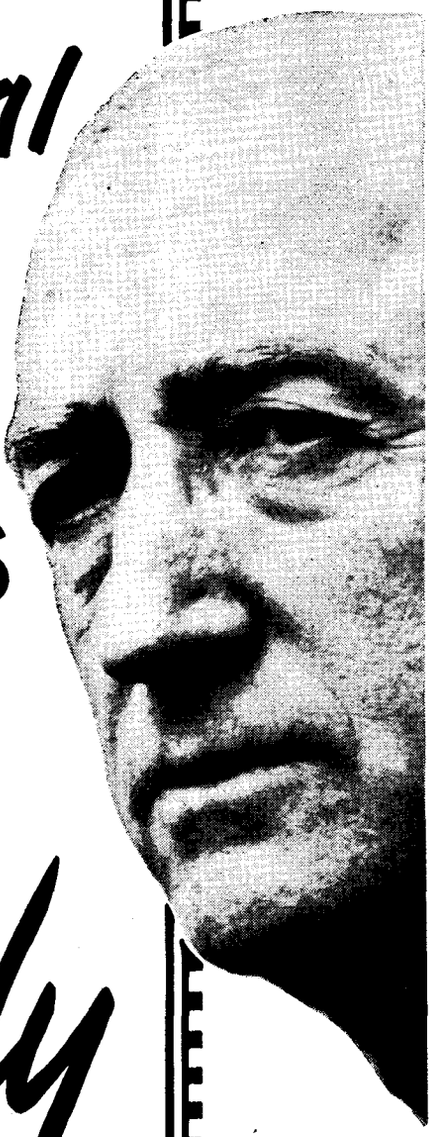

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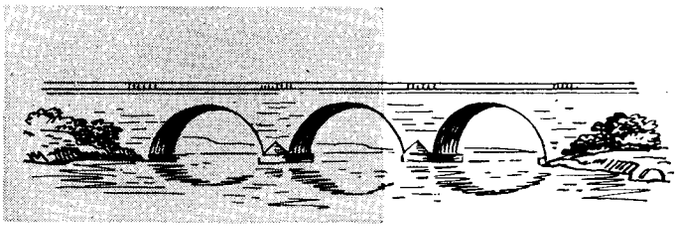

time to cross

In 1933 the author of BRIDGES OVER THE RHINE, German-born Ernst Erich Noth, fled his fatherland and found refuge in France. Mr. Noth has burned his boats. But he has built a bridge. A bridge of enlightenment across the Rhine from France to Germany.

It is across this bridge that Mr. Noth would have us travel. We who have made the journey think that those who follow will be rewarded. For there, on the other side, Mr. Noth has spot-lighted the whole panorama of Germany. Not the wrecked buildings, the despoiled land, the pinched faces and frightened eyes, but the sly, impenitent, opportunist, forward-looking mind and soul of Germany. The wild, unconquered spirit which drove a whole nation recklessly — and willingly — into two world wars; which will drive that nation into provoking a third world war unless the conquerors, who are the real victims, are sufficiently alert to the true evil and forestall it.

"The bridges over the Rhine crumbled amid the din of battle . . ." Those are the opening words of the book, and we are hoping that the bridge which Ernst Erich Noth has built will not crumble amid the din of bickering nations which should be united.

Mr. Noth does not tell us how we can guarantee, or even formulate, lasting peace. That is beyond the ability of any man. But he does point out the snares, the camouflage, and the deliberately false sign-posts planted along the way by a nationalist and militaristic Germany in order to divert us from the achievement of our aim.

The United States is still too new to the subtle interplay of European power politics. We are apt not to recognize the underlying call to destruction in the reassuring lullabies of the Rhine maidens . . . Mr. Noth gives us the cynicism behind their songs and clearly interprets the words.

With COMMUNITY OF THE FREE by Yves R. Simon we present another translation from the French. While Ernst Erich Noth is, to use his own expression, "a town crier" calling our attention to established conditions, Yves Simon is a philosopher who concerns himself with the ethics and morality which establish those conditions.

Both men have one thing in common: a passionate hatred of suppression of human liberty, whether it be the physical liberty of the individual or the freedom of the mind. Noth points the road to political peace. Simon hooks away the undergrowth to clear a path to unfettered thought and psychological peace. Noth's argument is specific and geographically delineated. Simon's argument is capable of universal human application.

What is the confusion of conscience, the strangely twisted code of public morality, the false ethics, which permit average, normal, decent and familiar persons to become the abettors, the tools and supporters of evil men and oppressors? What can persuade men and women like ourselves, of similar condition and background, to renounce the very essence of humanity and "humanness," their own intrinsic freedom of will, in order to associate themselves with an ideology essentially opposed to the conscience and purpose of man?

These are some of the questions which Yves Simon studies and argues with profound and searching reason. And in examining the social and political ethics which govern and influence our lives he points out that true freedom is not the privilege of any one class or nation, but a habit of mind and thought which must subsist for all. Then, and only then, will there be a community of the free; in a community of mankind.

Much of Mr. Simon's argument is particularly concerned with the examples of a citizenry whose passive co-operation with the Nazis resulted in the murder of millions of Jews. This is an example sufficiently close in time to make a vigorous impact upon our minds. From it we can draw conclusions on a world-wide scale, and apply his premises and findings, either to personal parallels or to parallels of cosmic proportions.

COMMUNITY OF THE FREE is a work of studied criticism and denunciation. The author aims to be of service by exposing the forces in our midst which are working to corrupt our morality and spiritual integrity. Yet there is nothing melancholy or defeatist in his book. Mr. Simon is a fighter, one of those "men who refuse to enjoy a life in which there is no justice, men whose motto is *Justice or Death.*"

Says Mr. Simon: "Beyond the experience of despair, there is no room in our souls for anything but a dauntless will to create a better future."

BRIDGES OVER THE RHINE

by Ernst Erich Noth

Rita Reil and Hugh Corbett, Translators

Henry Holt and Company and Editions Méditerranéennes $3.00

COMMUNITY OF THE FREE

by Yves R. Simon

Translated from the French by Willard R. Trask

Henry Holt and Company $3.00

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The Saturday Review of Literature

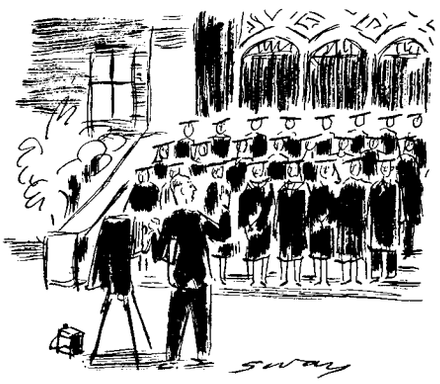
Nostalgia for the Ivy

WILLIAM RANDEL

EVERYONE remembers the college story of tradition. An impressionable youngster sets out for New Haven or Collegeville, his cheeks damp with his mother's tears and his own. The first campus year is spent in worship of the school heroes, incessant warfare with the sophomores, exhilarating brushes with the town constable and the college watchman, and some begrudged attention to academic chores. The next three years bring a succession of changes that are seldom adequately accounted for. The callow youth is metamorphosed into a college man—a hero in his own right by virtue of triumphs on gridiron or track, a staunch defender of moss-covered tradition, a willing disciple at the feet of the more eccentric faculty members. If love enters, it is love uncontaminated by sex. In the last chapter the happy couple walk away from commencement discussing their plans: a wedding, a honeymoon cottage, and a splendid job made to order for the hero by the girl's wealthy uncle.

This kind of story—a variant of the time-honored success story—had its validity as long as a college education was the hallmark of the select few. Until about 1920, a diploma served as evidence that its possessor came from a substantial family or, if he was poor, that he had the ability to overcome staggering odds and work up through a class society. Employers and prospective fathers-in-law did not need to examine the candidate's academic record; wasn't it enough that he had graduated? As long as the college enjoyed a high measure of prestige and conferred it upon the graduates, it could be deaf to occasional demands that it bring its curriculum up to date. Surely it was not the responsibility of writers of fiction to criticize the process of higher education or question the results.

In so far as this generalization is true, romantic delineations of college life were justified. The modern undergraduate might well envy the sim-



plicity of the late nineteenth century, when the fixed course of study obviated the mental torture of choosing majors and electives, and when dormitory and classroom life was unencumbered by a perplexing array of "activities." Greek and Latin, ethics and religion, composition and declamation—these were intellectual adventures to enjoy or to despise but never to challenge. Nor was there need of personal counseling in the present scientific sense, or placement aid upon graduation, or any of the other services now generally recognized as functions of the institution. John Dewey's concept of the necessary relation between education and experience was not even a dark cloud threatening campus serenity.

No wonder writers could turn out, and readers eagerly buy, enraptured accounts of what seemed, and probably was, an idyllic existence.

What the older college life meant to thoughtful participants may best be learned not from the contemporary fiction but from autobiography. Bliss Perry's "And Gladly Teach," besides serving as the finest possible inspiration for beginning teachers, gives a clear picture of the Spartan simplicity prevailing at Williams in the 1870's and '80's. Those were the days when the catcher on the baseball team might play out a game despite a thumb broken in an early inning, as Perry did; those were the days, too, when a considerable portion of the Princeton student body would have their luggage all packed in readiness for a mass migration to Yale if the Tiger eleven suffered the ignominy of defeat. At many a large university today football has become such a public spectacle that few students attend the games, while baseball is virtually an orphan. As for an athlete continuing to play with a broken bone, even if he wished to, the coaches wouldn't hear of it.

Mary Ellen Chase is another great teacher who has something to say about her schooling, but in "A Goodly Fellowship" she is disconcertingly frank about the shortcomings of colleges, especially graduate schools. Her heroes are luminaries of scholarship such as Oscar Firkins, E. E. Stoll, and Joseph Warren Beach, all of the University of Minnesota. Miss Chase and Bliss Perry have two advantages denied to many writers of college fiction: they have remained close to campus life and are therefore not separated from it by a romantic haze, and their acquaintance with several colleges has given perspective and the chance to compare. It was somewhat different with William Lyon Phelps, who felt that one year of teaching at Harvard and the rest of his life at Yale was an equitable distribution of his time. Equally good-humored was Brander Matthews on the subject of Columbia, in "These Many Years." Considerably more prosaic is Henry Johnson, whose career as a history teacher was geographically scattered before he came to rest at Teachers College. He was in every respect the poor boy who had to work his way, and his factual report of the University of Minnesota bears slight resemblance to the fictional treatment accorded it by his townsfellow Sinclair Lewis, who went to Yale. For this and other reasons Johnson's book is well named "The Other Side of Main Street."

The first American college novel was undoubtedly "Fanshawe," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. He makes it clear that the setting is Bowdoin, but the story is too unreal to belong to any

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earthbound campus. The book, which appeared three years after his graduation from Bowdoin, was published anonymously, but, even so, Hawthorne thought so little of it that he did his best to have it suppressed. As a result, "Fanshawe" is not only the first college novel but by far the rarest.

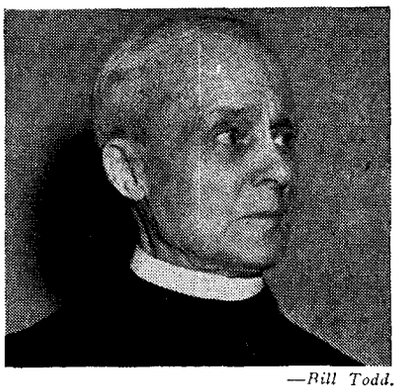
Someday a graduate student in American Civilization will choose as his thesis subject the fiction written about Harvard. There have always been things about Harvard incomprehensible to the rest of the country; and the novels suggest that not even Harvard men fully comprehend the place. It is one set of values to Thomas Wolfe, and quite another to John Dos Passos, whose "Streets of Night" (1923) rivals "Fanshawe" in its morbid unreality. Quite different is "The Diary of a Freshman," by Charles Macomb Flandrau, one of the most spontaneous of college books and apparently an authentic picture of Harvard at about the turn of the century. It is our loss that Flandrau did not round out his picture to a wholeness comparable to his "Viva Mexico." Perhaps the best four-year Harvard novel is "Iron Duke," by John Tunis, who clarifies the social stratification that keeps the vast majority of boys—those from such towns as Waterloo, Iowa—forever outside the innermost circle. But even that circle has produced writers of its own, notably Timothy Fuller and John P. Marquand. Fuller's potentialities are shown in "Harvard Has a Homicide," which is no serious attempt to portray Harvard as it is but does a better job of it than most books with that as their announced purpose. Marquand, of course, satirizes Harvard as he does everything else.

IT IS no easy feat to compress even a small college into a single volume. Even without departments there are men with divergent gifts and interests; and no two students have identical characteristics. The novelist who takes the campus as his province must seek either the experiences common to the greatest number or follow some eccentric course which, if too remote from the norm, will alienate his story from the setting. ("I was there at the time he writes about, but I didn't get any impressions like that. Are you *sure* he meant Cornell? All I can say is he has a good imagination.") One serious and fairly successful effort to capture the essence of Harvard as a big modern university is "Not to Eat, Not for Love," by George A. Weller. It had the misfortune to appear in 1933, a year when people generally, not excluding Harvard men, were preoccupied with other subjects than college memories. Weller limited himself to a single year and showed a good cross-section of campus life—the *Lampoon* and the *Crimson*, tutors and athletes, janitors and waiters, the stadium and the Widener, Harvard indifference and Harvard's golden rule ("three C's and a D and keep out of the newspapers.") Almost every type of individual and circumstances flashes on the screen, but despite its kaleidoscopic quality the book is remarkably coherent and vivid.

Other universities have been less well documented in fiction. "This Side of Paradise" (1920) portrays the Princeton that Amory Blaine—or Scott Fitzgerald—would be likely to know. "Spirals" (1930), by Aaron Marc Stein, is one of the first books to suggest psychotic conflicts in undergraduates. The narrator as a Princeton freshman is just getting acquainted with a boy when that boy is killed in a skiing accident; and the remaining years, filled with memories of the lost friend, are largely the struggle for adjustment. Any dean of students could tell of similar struggles, some tragic, some sordid, some even ludicrous, but all real; the writers of college fiction have too often forgotten, if they ever knew, that college often means failure and frustrated living.

Yale has been the setting of so many novels written by people who couldn't tell Mory's from West Rock that a novel about Yale must be viewed with suspicion until it proves itself authentic. Yet what may be considered the classic of college fiction is "Stover at Yale," which was a sensation in 1911 and is still the most widely known campus novel. Owen Johnson might have merely continued in the mood of Lawrenceville stories, but in following Stover to Yale he chose to grow serious. Stover as a freshman seems destined to be football captain and nothing else, but his true glory is his open break with traditional loyalties and his friendship with various outcasts. One of these, Brockhurst by name, is the author's mouthpiece for certain radical suggestions, particularly a plea for general education in place of unrelated courses. But at the end Johnson could not keep Stover out of Skull and Bones, the last man to be selected on that barbarous and undemocratic occasion known as Tap Day. "Stover at Yale" is dull reading today, but it is easy to see how sensational it must have been when new.

Another authentic Yale novel, and one that deserves a wider audience than it has received, is "Young Gentlemen, Rise" (1935), by Travis Ingham. Some older sons of Eli might criticize its contention that a Yale graduate would let the depression lick him, but many of the minor "lost generation"—the men who graduated from college between 1929 and about 1934—will find this story a mirror of their experiences. Until the Wall Street debacle there had never been any doubt that graduates could find jobs, but in those dark days a diploma was as worthless as the liquidated stocks. It was a rude shock to Gene Davidson, Ingham's hero, that not even the prestige of a Yale education could ward off dismissal from an advertising firm. His despondency gave way in time to sanity when he realized he must forget about being a "gentleman" and take any job he could find. While the main action occurs after graduation, it is the development of values in college that gives point to the subsequent conflict. Amory Blaine winds up jobless, a reproach to Princeton; but Gene Davidson's downgrade is far more credible



—*Bill Todd.*

My Current Reading

SRL's report on the current reading of well-known public figures comes this week from **William Manning**, retired Bishop of New York:

HUMAN DESTINY, by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans, Green)

MIRACLES, by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan)

THE NEW WORLD, edited by Stefan Lorant (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)

INSIDE U.S.A., by John Gunther (Harper)

CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN THE MAKING, by J. McLeod Campbell

THE APOSTOLIC MINISTRY, by Kenneth E. Kirk, Bishop of Oxford, and others

ALLY BETRAYED, by David Martin (Prentice-Hall)

THE REAL SOVIET RUSSIA, by David J. Dallin (Yale University Press)

THE CHRISTIAN SIGNIFICANCE OF KARL MARX, by Alexander Miller (Macmillan)

CERVANTES, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (University of Oklahoma Press)

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because the same malignant circumstances humbled and humiliated so many thousands of us—young men who will never be able to recover the high self-confidence that a college degree ought to ensure. It is virtually impossible to convince today's collegians that another depression would wipe out every trace of their preferential status; they cannot see themselves standing in line for jobs—or soup. They assume, as Gene Davidson did, that they will be gentlemen, with gentlemen's salaries and perquisites. I do not advocate mass indoctrination in disillusion, but it seems important students face facts.

As realism comes to the fore, settings tend to be generalized as a means of diverting personal embarrassment. Thus, Percy Marks devised a mythical Sanford as the college in "The Plastic Age," which shocked the complacent 1920's by its frankness. Also imaginary is the campus described by Dean Fales in "Bachelor of Arts," though it is clearly one of the Midwestern state universities. "Doctor's Oral," by George Stewart, concerns a highly specialized phase of university life—the examination of a Ph.D. candidate in English; Stewart flatly states that his setting is imaginary, but scores of readers secretly believe that their own universities were involved—which is a high tribute to the book's realism. Yet we have had at least two recent novels about particular colleges. Gertrude Carrick's "Consider the Daisies" is based on actual incidents at Vassar during the 1930's, while "The Ivy Years" of Earl Miers is almost too literal a transcription of student life at Rutgers. While these books are interesting, they cannot compete for universal appeal with fiction that is generalized.

James Reid Parker's "Academic Procession," while not a novel, gives a shrewd insight into some of the mechanics of university management. The collection of more or less related episodes is a series of candid camera shots of deans and faculty committees and business managers and boards of trustees. Its element of satire is not so keenly whetted, however, as that in "The Gang's All Here." It would be hard to conceive of any graduate eagerly identifying his own college with Nostalgia University, the epitome of conformity, blind conservatism, and exaggerated sentimentalism. It is a shoe that pinches, and nobody wants to wear it.

What of the future? Will the wholesome trend towards honest reporting (and satire) continue? What new conditions are emerging to alter the subject matter and the artistic point of

(*Continued on page* 39)

The World.

Our latest roundup of books on the German problem supplements James Warburg's "Germany—Bridge or Battleground," Russell Hill's "Struggle for Germany," and Roepke's "The Solution of the German Problem," reviewed in our Sept. 6 issue. There is, no doubt, more interest at present in Germany because of the imminence of the Marshall Plan and the Foreign Ministers' meeting in London to discuss the German treaty. But there is no Marshall Plan for the Far East, and our shocking lack of interest in the Japanese occupation, not to mention the Orient as a whole, is reflected in the slim output of recent volumes on the subject. Robert Payne's books, Harold Isaacs's "No Peace for Asia," Edmond Taylor's "Richer by Asia" are not enough to cover this vital American commitment. Richard Lauterbach's "Danger From the East" will fill a real need.

Distortion of a Promise

DANGER FROM THE EAST. By Richard E. Lauterbach. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 430 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

LET IT be said at the outset that Lauterbach's book is one of the most brilliant reporting jobs done since the end of the war. And further that it is a happy blend of expert and sensitive story-telling, keen analysis, and a deep feeling for history.

Incorporating both Mr. Lauterbach's first-hand observations and a year of study at Harvard, "Danger From the East" deals primarily with the impact of our policy on Japan, Korea, and China. Within the bounds of a book, it manages to produce some notable scoops: it is the first comprehensive account of General MacArthur's work yet to appear in print; it is the first post-war popular book on Korea, and it picks up the thread of China's tragedy, and of General Marshall's futile peace-making, where Annalee Jacoby and Theodore White left it in their "Thunder Out of China."

Richard Lauterbach "manages to produce some notable scoops."

Of the three major sections, that entitled "MacArthur's Japan" is the most rewarding. To this reviewer, its main virtue lies in its skilful matching of our promise against our performance. Methodically, Mr. Lauterbach examines the stones we had laid as a foundation for a new Japanese democracy, and tests them for composition and strength.

He begins with Emperor Hirohito, who "knew all about the war plans and approved them"; whom we retained as a cornerstone of the new Japan; and who had come to be described by General MacArthur as "the kind of a chap you'd be proud to have in your golf club."

From the Emperor, Mr. Lauterbach moves on to the new Japanese constitution, officially described as a product of Japanese democratic thought and discussion. The author tells the whole unvarnished story of the constitution, from the time General Whitney and his aides received the word to "dig up something democratic on all the constitutions of the world which will satisfy the Old Man" to the time that the canny Japanese mistranslated the text of the Constitution received from Whitney, to transfer sovereignty from the people back to the Emperor. They were caught at it.

Mr. Lauterbach deals in detail with the Japanese efforts to circumvent General MacArthur's entire reform program, from the educational reform and the political purge to the dissolution of the *zaibatsu* (giant family trusts), redistribution of land, and the labor movement. But where abstrac-

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tions could be deadly dull, Mr. Lauterbach chooses to talk of the broad issue in the understandable terms of the little men who endure the occupation, hope for reform, and watch with misery the gradual distortion of promise.

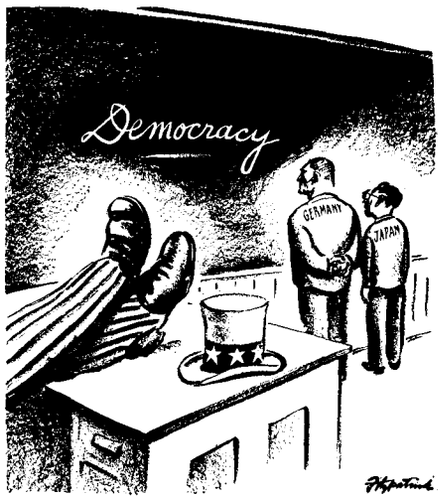
But it would be wrong to assume from these passages that Mr. Lauterbach roundly condemns General MacArthur's record in Japan. He feels that, on the whole, "we have done much spadework for the forms of democratic growth." True, he says,

> at times we have merely been jumping up and down, clapping hands, and hurrahing before we could honestly say whether a weed or a flower was coming up. The Boy Scout optimism of our leaders about the changes which two years have wrought on an ancient people with deeply imbedded beliefs is not only ridiculous, it is dangerous. . . . Thus far, the Allies under MacArthur have done a good job in Japan, but a great job remains to be done. A good job has been done compared to what professional cynics and MacArthur-haters anticipated. It is a good job compared to what other occupying forces have done in other countries and in other times. But it is not good enough.

From "MacArthur's Japan" Mr. Lauterbach shifts to "Hodge's Korea," where the battle of ideologies dominates the scene, and where we had committed some of our worst errors. This section lacks the sense of immediacy that one finds in the portion dealing with Japan, perhaps because Mr. Lauterbach had spent little time in Korea. But what it lacks in eyewitness observation, the section more than makes up with a research-born wealth of historic fact, not likely to be matched soon between book covers. Mr. Lauterbach notes that in a public-opinion poll, taken in May 1946, fifty-three per cent of the Koreans who answered said they disliked Americans, and forty-nine per cent said they preferred the Japanese to us. His conclusions, which will readily be supported by most correspondents, are two. First, he notes that "American democracy cannot be taught by 'getting around' American principles. Fine speeches mean nothing when the people find out how the voting took place; when they learn that U. S. troops were used to break a strike; when labor leaders are arrested, newspapers suppressed for being 'shrill,' and wages are held down while prices soar." But even if all these evils are removed, Mr. Lauterbach feels, there is little hope for peace and unity in divided Korea until there is a basic worldwide agreement between us and Russia.

The same conclusion climaxes Mr. Lauterbach's section on "Marshall's China," which is, above all, a detailed record of General Marshall's ill-fated efforts to bring the Nationalists and Communists together. Some of the highlights of this section include an excellent report on a visit to a Red town in Manchuria with a truce team; a devastatingly detailed account of corruption and government-in-business, including Premier T. V. Soong's financial machinations; and, finally, a gem of a story on a visit with Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang. This reviewer can recall no straight-face report of an interview which has done such a job of savage exposure of a selfish woman, and her relations with her husband.

For fun or information; for an expert or a novice wrestling with Asiatic headlines; for portraits of the military men who make our policy, or for an analysis of the policy itself, there are few books to match "Danger from the East." Mr. Lauterbach has done a job to make him proud.



—*Fitzgerald in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Uninspired Professor.

Europe's Weak Heart

THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY. By Hoyt Price and Carl Schorske. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 1947. 161 *pp.* $2.

A REPORT ON GERMANY. By Lewis H. Brown. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 247 *pp.* $3.

AND CALL IT PEACE. By Marshall Knappen. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1947. 213 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. JACKSON

CURRENT proposals for restoring Germany's shattered economy are met in some places with the indignant query, "Why should we help the Germans out of the mess they brought on themselves?" Thrice-invaded France in particular cannot see, as Lewis H. Brown writes, "why the ancient enemy, now flat on his back, should be allowed to get back on his feet."

This Clemenceau-to-Vansittart-to-Morgenthau philosophy is the target of three recent books which join in flaying the pastoralization policy formerly embraced and lately discarded by our Government. The mischief of the Morgenthau Plan, they agree, sprang from an emotional vindictiveness which ignored the inexorable realities of economics; for in making Germany an agricultural nation the plan would inevitably penalize not only Germany but also the nations whose economy depends on German industry. In their view the guiding principle in determining Germany's future must not be retribution for Nazi crimes but the impossibility of there being a healthy Europe while Germany, its heart, is failing.

Our goal, Dr. Hoyt Price argues in the Council on Foreign Relations' excellent study on "The Problem of Germany," is neither a "hard" nor a "soft" but a *permanent* peace. "European reconstruction," he believes, "cannot be built on the spoliation of Germany —it can draw sustenance from the German economy only if the German economy is alive." It is chiefly to the Potsdam Agreement and its twin obstacles to a revival of German production that Dr. Price ascribes the present stagnation. The first obstacle is the program of reparations from capital equipment, which wastes productive capacity through relocation. The second is the "too drastic" level of industry plan, which limits production; and instead of restricting the amount of German production, Dr. Price advocates limiting the amount available for German use, with the excess constituting Germany's contribution to European recovery. He therefore urges reparations from current production, although the United States has always opposed this proposal as meaning that these reparations would be paid for indirectly by the American taxpayer since they would reduce the exports which are Germany's only means of paying for her enormous imports from this country.

The problem is how to make certain that shifting Germany's mines and factories into high gear will not equip her to wage another war. Dr. Price does not consider economic recovery and military security incompatible. While supporting measures already adopted for qualitative economic disarmament, through destruction of war industries and prohibition of the manufacture of war materials, he opposes quantitative restrictions

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applicable to industry in general. Conceding the necessity of some limitations on the steel industry, he suggests that the best assurance against the creation of a military potential is control of the end use of iron and steel production within Germany. He further advocates making Germany self-sustaining, but not self-sufficient in an autarchic sense, in order to leave her dependent on foreign trade for vital imports, such as food and raw materials, and hence vulnerable in case of war. Yet in the end Dr. Price feels that the only successful guarantees against aggression must not be economic but largely political, pre-eminent among which is the Byrnes proposal for a four-power, forty-year security treaty. The obvious proviso is that this, like all other controls, can be effective only if it is enforced.

The desire to take the brakes off the German economy is fervently shared by Lewis H. Brown, an industrialist whose recommendations to General Clay after a survey of Germany are published in "A Report on Germany." In suggesting measures "to get German industry on its feet and off the backs of the American taxpayers," Mr. Brown writes a businessman's prescription for fewer controls. The Military Government staff — which contains "a surplus of idle bureaucrats" and "too many of the wrong kind of employees," including OPA alumni—he would cut by ninety per cent, leaving it to exercise "general control" over an administration entrusted to Germans. He would clear away "the mass of bureaucratic red tape" or "Schachtism" which now "shackles" German industry. He would give production first priority, and, in making reform and reeducation secondary objectives, would end denazification except as to top Nazis.

Yet Mr. Brown's recommendations on Germany's two great needs, food and coal, inevitably involve more controls. As to food, he proposes a five-year plan involving American contributions which will gradually decrease as increasing German exports, stimulated by the American contributions, provide the means to finance food imports. The coal shortage he would solve in part through the promise of extra rations for extra production and the return of Ruhr miners now held as French prisoners of war. His chief remedy is for the British, through incentives and a six-day week for their miners, to ship enough coal to Western Europe so that the 10,000,000 tons of German coal annually exported to those countries could be used for productive purposes in Germany. But since all of Western Europe, including Britain, needs coal as desperately as Germany it is doubtful whether the British would accept a plan which would tie Germany's neighbors to an annual maximum of 10,000,000 tons while ceding all the coal of the Ruhr—production of which is to increase under the incentive of Mr. Brown's food plan—to Germany.

One of the Brown suggestions is most curious. He advocates a strong central government, but since "the Germans are not yet ready" for democratic methods this government is to be chosen by the *Länderat* economic councils and representatives of the clergy, the legal profession, and industry. Why these groups are more "ready" to exercise free political choice than professors, editors, engineers, workingmen, is not explained.

Germany's social and cultural aspects are examined in the second part of "The Problem of Germany," in which Professor Carl Schorske paints present prospects for a democratic Germany as disturbingly dark. The political parties have failed, partly because of resurgent class antagonisms, in reorienting the Germans along democratic lines. The churches, which have generally hindered denazification and repudiated the notion of national guilt, are encouraging a neo-fascist revival by policies born of fear of the Left. The universities, which Professor Schorske feels were prematurely restored, are marked by undistinguished faculties, generally reactionary student bodies, and a tendency to follow rather than lead in democratization. The independent intelligentsia widely adopt the exculpatory theory that Germany's submission to Nazism was due to "the power of the demonic," which can be cured by building individual "character quality."

Yet not all the blame is German. Allied propaganda stressing atrocities, Professor Schorske believes, reenforced the average German's tendency to disclaim responsibility for Nazism. Because it focused attention on "the most spectacular evils of the Nazi system instead of on the system as a whole," it led Germans to condemn Nazism "not for its essentially evil nature, but for its excesses and for the mistakes of its leaders."

The harassments which bedeviled the reeducation program form the theme of "And Call It Peace," by Marshall Knappen, who was formerly head of the educational and religious affairs branches of American Military Government. Much of this rather disappointing book is the familiar, bitter story of military snafu—the craven stupidity of The Brass, the evils of the Regular Army, the fruitless attempts of able but unrecognized junior officers to educate their superiors, the fight for personnel, Washington's delay on policy directives, etc. Through it all runs a note of disgruntled frustration and a defense of education officers against the sneers of old-line troopers that education is not a "he-man business."

By including an inordinate amount of material on administrative matters, minor incidents, and personalities, which is of no interest except to those who served in the outfit, Professor Knappen has made his book a rather pedestrian history of how the reeducation program was organized rather than what it did. He bypasses completely what would seem to be the central problem in reeducating Germans: what are we teaching them, and what are their reactions? How do the new textbooks attempt to cure the Germans' "militant slave mentality," their faith in blood, iron, and the almighty state? And to what extent has the effort succeeded in grafting democratic ideas on the stalk of autocracy?

Much has happened in the short time since these books were written. Some of the changes they suggest have been at least partially effected in a general revision of American occupation policy. Yet one thing has not been done which all three agree must soon be done. The present paralyzing uncertainty over the future must be removed with definite policy statements, so that the Germans may know what to expect on the extent of reparations and denazification, the form of their government, and other essentials. Otherwise they will continue to hoard their energies instead of working their passage home.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 713)

N. CORWIN:
*PSALM FOR A DARK YEAR**

All who are willing, join us now. . . . Sit around our table. . . . We shall give thanks tonight for song and bread and . . . love, and dogged hope, and for the guarantee of morning somewhere at some season. . . . There are no place cards here and no priority.

*Conceived as a Thanksgiving service, produced by the author over the radio in New York City, Nov. 9, 1941, the month before Pearl Harbor.

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Personal History.

America has been looking at herself lately. Books like Geismar's "The Last of the Provincials" and Brooks's "The Times of Melville and Whitman" have been reevaluating our writers in their times; in pictures and text Allen's "I Remember Distinctly" covers the recent years as Morris's "Postscript to Yesterday" does in prose; while Butterfield's "The American Past" makes visual our history since the Revolution. Tebbel's biography of the Marshall Fields (reviewed below), like Reddig's "Tom's Town," examines, with an interest close to Gunther's in his "Inside U.S.A.," our millionaires and politicians. . . . And a perceptive Frenchman's record—"The Making of Yesterday," by de Sales—sharpens our view of ourselves and the world in the early days of the war. For a young nation with too much power in this post-war world, such self-examination is good for us, and necessary.

Gamut from I to IV

THE MARSHALL FIELDS: A Study in Wealth. By John Tebbel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

WHAT an amazing study in contrasts is the story of the Marshall Fields and their money! This interesting and well-written book tells how the Field fortune was amassed in one generation, how it brought tragedy to another, and is today providing fireworks and useful stimulation for a third. What would Marshall Field I, who could scarcely tolerate any newspapers at all, have thought of his grandson's *PM* and *Chicago Sun*? Mr. Tebbel says he would have been shocked, which is probably putting it mildly.

Field I, as portrayed in these pages, was a perfect product of his acquisitive era—a hard and humorless Yankee drygoods clerk who emigrated to Chicago in its early boom years, realized immediately its great possibilities for moneymaking, and stuck with it through fires, wars, depressions, and anarchist scares. By tending relentlessly to his own business for fifty years he built the world's largest department store and became the dominant figure in twenty-eight railroads, banks, manufacturing and utility corporations. Yet he always denied he was rich. "It is useless to talk of getting rich," he said, "when John D. Rockefeller and a few others have all the money in the world." (His estate, in 1906, was worth more than $150,000,000.)

Field would not allow a labor leader to shop in his store, but, aside from that, his customers were always right. Mr. Tebbel tells one story of a pair of silk stockings which was returned unused by the executors of a woman's estate twenty-eight years after she bought them—and Field's refunded the purchase price! Toward his employees and associates, however, Field was an unbending autocrat who never smiled, praised, or patted anyone on the back. He fired his clerks for being "too facetious," and curtly dismissed a brilliant young partner for showing too much ambition. (The partner, Harry Selfridge, went to London and became *its* department store king.)

Field I became Chicago's first citizen but in his later years he was a lonesome and unhappy man. Separated from his wife, estranged temperamentally from his only son, he lived in solitary grandeur in the ugly red brick palace on Prairie Avenue which had cost $2,000,000 to build in the 1880's. At the age of seventy-one he embarked on a second marriage which caused much international tongue-wagging; but soon afterward came the crushing catastrophe of his son's strange death, and within a year he too was dead. As the author says, "It was as though his life had taken the form of a cliché repeated in thousands of bad novels and movies"—the man who had everything but love, and, when he found it, it was too late.

—*R. C. Barry.*

John Tebbel gives a convincing picture of Marshall Field III's present activities and thinking.

Mr. Tebbel does not dwell much on the shadowy personality of Marshall Field II, but he says enough to indicate that here is the subject for another lengthy novel. The son was both dominated and repelled by his masterful father to the extent that he could not make up his mind what he was, or what to do. Eventually he shot himself, in a moment of pitiful indecision—he could not decide whether to go on a hunting trip, or on a seashore vacation with his family. (The author has investigated the well-known story that the shooting took place in a Chicago brothel, and finds it began, and has been kept alive, through journalistic malice. Field shot himself at home, and his son, Marshall III, heard the shot in his nursery.)

Field I wrote a famous will which left most of his money in trust to his two grandsons, with the proviso that they should not receive the bulk of the fortune until they were fifty years old. His purpose, Mr. Tebbel believes, was to make sure that his heirs would be men of fixed and conservative habits. But fate played an ironic trick on the old merchant. One grandson died young, and the other, who has all the money, has developed into one of the most unconventional millionaires of our time.

During the 1920's, Mr. Tebbel tells us, Marshall Field III did all the things that a very rich man was supposed to do. He established a fabulous 1,750-acre estate on Long Island, opened a banking office in Wall Street, played polo, flew his own amphibian plane, and donated $15,000 to the Herbert Hoover campaign of 1928. His two marriages and divorces were spread excitingly over the pages of the tabloid papers, and his racing stables were scattered from Kentucky to Ireland. But the depression of the early 1930's, combined with his second divorce, caused Field to do some drastic soul-searching, in which he was assisted by the famous psychoanalyst Dr. Gregory Zilboorg. The result, says the author, was a brand-new Field, who regards his old life as empty and virtually useless, and is now happily channeling his wealth "into the furtherance of liberal ideas."

This book gives us a more convincing picture of Field's present activities and thinking than any of the

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condescending magazine articles which have been written about him. It quotes enough of his own words to show that he is a serious and quietly determined man who believes sincerely that "all shades of opinion, all significant facts" are entitled to a printing, and is ready to spend—but not squander—large sums to that end. It relates in lively detail the founding of *PM* (which Field supported but did not run) and *The Chicago Sun* (which he does run), along with their considerable progress to date. It creates the feeling that Field III is well on his way to realizing his ambition of being a successful publisher.

Now coming along beside him is the fourth Marshall Field, who recently gave up plans for a law career to work on his father's Chicago newspaper. Mr. Tebbel tells us that this Field admires his father, but thinks him "too much of an idealist in some respects"; that he has something of his great-grandfather's "cold, steady judgment," and "a certain conservative tempering of his liberalism." If this is true we can probably expect some further surprises from the Fields and their fortune.

Prophet with Honor

THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY: DIARIES: 1938-1942. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 310 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

TO BE the best possible shepherd of one's own thoughts, external aid is sometimes required. The best shepherd dog which fancy can boast is the Past. What was chaotic in the passing, dividing into ambiguity, sprawling in vagueness, achieves boundaries in retrospect and stands forth clothed in the neat habiliments of inevitability. Only the foregone is fully ordered. With Dryden, "Not God himself over the Past hath power."

Dubieties that troubled our present diarist through the fateful years in question—1938-1942—are now firmly fixed in the picture of our memory, though their children are present to trouble our projections as they themselves troubled de Sales with uncertainty. A sensitive French journalist, de Sales had to sit here and see France crumble and yet sweep together the fragments of a fate-shredded life, to the tune of tuberculosis and to the echoes of anxious wonder. This is the record of those years as they seemed to that man. His Book-of-the-Month production, "The Making of Tomorrow," inspirited America as it climbed the steeps in 1942. This retrospective companion to that book may well inspirit us again, at least with the thought, phrased long ago in "Deor's Lament"—"His troubles passed away; so will mine."

Meanwhile, we may judge his day-by-day entries by their amplitude when institutional, by their correctness when predictive, by their adequacy of expression, regardless.

A Frenchman seldom lacks adequacy of expression. Hardly so our present author. Simplicity and color are well combined to make the diary at once intelligible and attractive. Of America's heroic will in 1940 he has, for instance, a discerning phrase: "Reluctance to fight has not abated but fear has increased." And of our domestic prowess he had in 1939 this disillusioning diagnosis: "The United States has discovered poverty and has found no cure for it." Lindbergh, observes he, "will perhaps pay heavily for his recent speech, unless, of course, it makes him President of the United States." Turning toward the international scene he describes the nations who were early victims of Hitler's strategy as "the repentant daughters of neutrality."

His prophetic robe is not without splotches, but it certainly is cleaner than those the prophets are used to wear in public. (He himself toward the end of the diary is harder on himself than the reader is likely to be: "My prediction of events is wrong at least half the time. . . .") His worst miss was Russia's power of resistance, but he had so much and so mighty company in this that his error was hardly noted at the time, nor is it notable now. In the large, he allowed more time than was actually required to finish the war after America's entry. He was always being surprised, in the small, by Roosevelt tactics, on whom our diarist blew hot and cold; but his prophetic utterances, even so, come off remarkably well in the omniscience of hindsight. They do so because his insight into men and traditions had amplitude.

Of the strength and weakness of major actors what could be more resonant, for instance, of multi-dimensional meaning than this comment on two great figures: "In each phrase of Churchill's speeches," observed he, "there are twenty centuries of knowledge; in Hitler's there are twenty years of morbid fanaticism"? Or what could be more clairvoyant of the political ambiguity of the Vatican, which he a Catholic continually feared, than this: "Little people who represent big ideas"? or this: "The last Pope refused to see Hitler. His successor is not so fussy . . . peace even with the devil"? or this: "Roosevelt is profoundly flattered by the compliments of Pius XII, who said . . . that Roosevelt was the only really Christian statesman"?

Of his amplitude in judging nations, let me pick, finally, not upon his discouraged attitude toward his beloved, fallen France but upon America as he saw her preening herself for what he regarded a prospective "betrayal":

> This time it is possible that scruples of conscience will [cause America] to assume responsibilities which she evaded twenty years ago. . . . The payment which she will demand will not be material but moral. No country is more convinced than this one that she is right, or is more arrogant in her moral superiority. If she intervenes in the affairs of the world it will be to impose her ideas, and she will consider her intervention a blessing for lost and suffering humanity. The prospect is cheerless . . .: of tyranny at once biblical and materialistic. . . .

While the American catches his breath, the Frenchman who loved America adds: "I hope I shall not live to see this epoch of humanitarian business and preaching farmers."

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Fiction. *Great and small devils seem to control the behavior of men and women in today's fiction; too many novels and stories resemble Dostoievsky in modern dress. The most important novel this week is Arnold Zweig's "The Axe of Wandsbek," in which the executioner's blade symbolizes the mounting terror and moral disintegration of the German people in 1937. Bessie Breuer's short stories are polished gems of frustration and misery among bedeviled Americans who should have been able to purchase a few nuggets of happiness. Maritta Wolff's is full of characters who cannot adjust themselves to life. There is a breeze of fresh wind in Wilbur Schramm's tall tales of the West, with not a single psychiatrist in sight. Note in best sellers: Ben Ames Williams's thousand and more pages of family history, "House Divided," has reached the top of the fiction lists, while Irvin Stone's "Adversary in the House" clings to the bottom.*

Decay in Microcosm

THE AXE OF WANDSBEK. By Arnold Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 428 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

ARNOLD ZWEIG has been living for more than a decade in Palestine. But his exclusive concern—at least in his present book—is still Germany and her sickness. The rest of the world, including Russia, seems not yet to be touched by the disintegration, or the revolution, in basic moral values. For the time of this novel is 1937-39, and being an admirable craftsman, Arnold Zweig tells his story of course without hindsight prophecies; and the Germans of those years, both those who gloated over the changes within their country and those who despaired of it, had indeed the feeling of being set apart from the rest of the world. That insularity of the late Thirties evokes at first a curious reaction in the 1947 reader. But gradually—such is the power of a great novelist—the reader is moved back himself to those incredible years, and almost forgets their aftermath.

Albert Teetjen, a Hamburg butcher and SS man, finding himself in financial straits, is persuaded to substitute for the official executioner who has fallen ill, and beheads four men, subversive citizens caught in the meshes of arbitrary justice. Their blood comes upon him and Stine, his wife. That is the story, and its noble simplicity, its mounting, or rather creeping, terror suggests one of the more gruesome Grimm tales. The axe, "Grandfather's axe with its Sheffield blade," becomes the symbol of Albert's deed, and to himself a primeval taboo whose evil magic brings about his final downfall. That part of

—*Schreiber.*

Arnold Zweig "tells his story without hindsight prophecies."

Arnold Zweig's novel and everything which belongs to it, the medieval superstition outlawing, as word goes round, the headsman from his petty bourgeois neighborhood, the power the victims win over Albert—all this is downright superb. The scores of mediocre stories about the alleged German-built complex which we have been fed in the past years appear as so many waste sheets, when compared with these grandiose chapters. The tell-tale gleam of Albert's axe, not to be veiled, not to be dulled, will be a great experience for any reader.

I wish I could stop my review here. As in his novel "Sergeant Grischa," Arnold Zweig has tried to mirror his whole country's moral predicament and decay in the microcosm of one small man's life; and this time he has succeeded only partly. True, there are masterly-drawn characters in his vast canvas—Stine, the former Adventist, who cannot help enjoying the advantages gained by her husband's blood-money, or the disillusioned woman doctor who sets the ball rolling against Albert, or the young cripple who trundles in and out of the story as its retributive spirit, or the philosophical and Epicurean prison warden and his daughter (who throws herself away on the Nazi upstart) —all of them have their well-designed part in the tragedy of the axe. But the plot which ties that drama to what is meant to be the greater one of Albert's country is more often than not quite contrived, and as a story means little.

Also the dialogue of Zweig's upper-class people is burdened with a lot of 1937 talk whose involuntary irony —involuntary on the part of the talkers—has worn thin by now; and with innumerable references to German literature and other paraphernalia of German *kultur*. In fact, those sophisticated conversations are at times rather sickening, taking place, as they do, amidst a moral jungle of which those lovers of fine thought are by no means unaware. The plan of some of these people to do something about the mess falls entirely flat.

In short, many a reader will come to wish that Albert Teetjen's story had been told without that elaborate framework. Yet with all its faults, "The Axe of Wandsbek" is a great achievement, and will most probably remain an important book. If you still wonder as to how many Nazis there were in the Reich—sixty, or fifty, or thirty, or ten, per cent—here is the answer. Perhaps the Nazis were no more than ten per cent of the population; but at least ten per cent of the taint was within every German.

Song Off Key

By Leonora Speyer

A TEAR ago
I tasted salt upon the tongue
Turned from its briny savor;
Nor did I dream a dire thing:
That tears could lose their fever.

A song ago
I preened my pretty metaphors
For flight—a sparrow's twitter;
How understanding were the stars,
Proud escort to the gutter.

A love ago—
O heart that danced, will you deny
The lighter joy, the deeper?
Fumbling red coin, refuse to pay
(Who always pay!) the piper?

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Tortured Souls

THE BRACELET OF WAVIA LEA AND OTHER STORIES. By Bessie Breuer. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1947. 309 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THERE is a pitiless integrity to Bessie Breuer's analyses of the tortured soul. No matter how many layers of spiritual misery and degradation she lays bare, she can find yet another layer to uncover, another depth to probe. Her obsessive ruthlessness suggests nothing so much as a Rouault canvas, but her writing lacks any quality that even approximates the artist's redeeming mysticism.

In the case of Miss Breuer's two novels the invasion of spiritual privacy is bearable, muffled as it is in the length of the narrative and swathed in the sights, sounds, smells, and tastes which this excellent reporter lavishes on her stories. So muffled and swathed, in fact, it is something better than bearable, for Miss Breuer is a consummate craftsman. She has experimented successfully with a variety of fiction techniques and learned many an artistic lesson from Joyce.

In a collection of tragedies such as "The Bracelet of Wavia Lea and Other Stories" the psychiatric approach to emotion becomes unbearable. As story follows story, the wrecked hopes of the helpless and the weak are piled up on the selfishness and the vanity of the ignoble. Soon one cannot surmount the pinnacle of morbidness to go on to another story.

Readers who know Miss Breuer's work from *Harper's Bazaar, The New Yorker,* and other magazines will understand that the sixteen stories in this volume are to be taken one at a time. There is little choice among them; each reveals a hard, polished facet of modern unhappiness. The title story is a study in racial prejudice as it affects the life of a tolerant young Southern girl. "Portrait of an Actress" delineates an aging star's complete dependence on affairs with her young leading men. In "The Dress Shirt" we see a sensitive boy cast into outer darkness of loneliness by his frivolous, selfish mother. "Vacation from Empire" gives us a frightening and not quite decent look into the heart of a bedeviled Englishwoman. The well-known "Pigeons en Casserole" guides us step by step through the disintegration of a proud woman's spirit as it crumbles beneath the brutal touch of her boulevardier husband.

The war takes its spiritual toll of Miss Breuer's Chekhovian heroes and heroines. The mother who lost her aviator son, the widow of the Naval officer, the pursuit pilot whose teenage paratrooper brother was killed—each must learn to carry alone the weight of a private cross. In the most sordid of the war stories "The Baby Whale," a cheap and wilful girl makes the war an excuse for ruining her own life and that of the pathetic young weakling who loves her.

Miss Breuer is at her best in portraying the shallow, sophisticated life of the fashionable beach and the smart hotel. She has unique mastery of mood. A story such as "The Dinner Party," the most Joycean of the collection, is little more than the evocation of a desolate mood. No contemporary writer can more faithfully depict disappointment in the nostalgically remembered person and place or the refusal of a woman no longer young to bow gracefully to the years. Young or old, Miss Breuer's characters seem to move like automatons in the groove of some dark, foreordained destiny. What most of them need is the exercise of free will and a sense of humor.

Personal Upheaval

ABOUT LYDDY THOMAS. By Maritta Wolff. New York: Random House. 1947. 454 *pp.* $3.50.

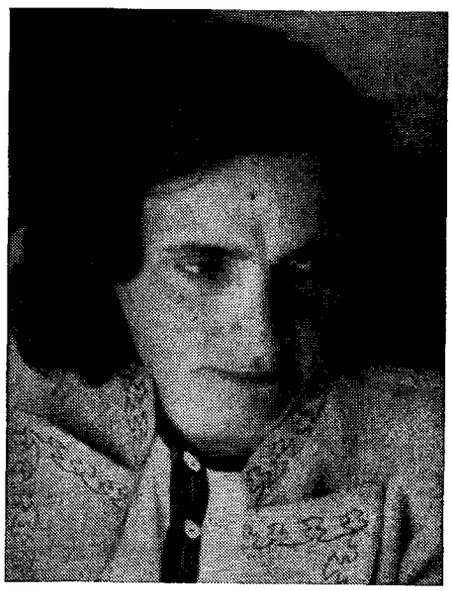
Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

MARITTA WOLFF's book about Lyddy Thomas and her alcoholic soldier husband Ben is an authentic, suspenseful, and clear-sighted story of the upheaval in personal relationships which seems to be as symptomatic of our times as the upheaval in world politics.

Lyddy Thomas, ex-war worker, is trying to free herself from a husband who even before the war had been irresponsible and whose inadequacies the war has increased. Her effort to meet the problem honestly and without hurting him is the chief substance of the book, her flight the basis for its exciting aura of suspense. But the book is full of other men and women making or failing to make their post-war adjustments, most of them at the mercy of emotions which drive them to drink or promiscuity, not as solutions but as outlets for an aggressiveness which does not know its source.

Yet the book is not somber. Hepcats like Mitch Lowry and Mick Gogarty, the high-school girl Eileen, level-headed Marco Riggs, and the parents of the Gogarty tribe who, though slum dwellers, have not lost the savor of life and the salt of its humor—these people save the book from that sordidness which makes many a novel nowadays about as relaxing as a nightmare. A rather surprising number of people make their way into this book with sufficient emphasis to be remembered.

They are remembered chiefly by their talk, for Miss Wolff has a compelling interest in what people say, and an amazingly good ear for how they say it. Miss Wolff loves this talk too much to cut it off, and this is the book's chief defect. True, the very nature of the problems she chose to deal with requires repetition, for Lyddy is caught in a situation she cannot find her way out of, and thinking and talking about it is essen-



"Bessie Breuer's characters seem to move like automatons in the groove of some dark destiny."

"Maritta Wolff has a compelling interest in what people say, and an amazingly good ear."

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tial. Yet a skilful editorial hand could have made the book better by shortening it.

Perhaps it is because Miss Wolff has so pure a devotion to the telling of a story, to letting people talk, that the implications stand out so clearly. Lyddy Thomas both despises and loves her husband. Ben's warped love of Lyddy leads him both to pathetic advances and attempted murder. Martha Maciatto both wants to break the bondage to her dead husband's mother and does not want to break it.

Out of all these ambivalent situations love and hate arise in such a way as to be scarcely distinguishable. And here Miss Wolff has got hold of something of first importance. For she is attacking that straightjacket of dichotomies—good and evil, right and wrong, love and hate—which ever since Aristotle has limited man's thinking by pretending that experience is a series of opposites rather than a scale of colors like a spectrum, where red comes through blue and purple around to red again—a continuum rather than two canyon walls. Semantics and the sciences are constantly chipping away at the old Aristotelian structure, but most people still think, and most writers still write, as if men were either good or bad, as if love and hate were mutually exclusive.

The wisdom of Miss Wolff's book is therefore a very modern kind of wisdom, as hopeful as the problems it presents seem hopeless. For if men

(*Continued on page* 34)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 232

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 232 *will be found in the next issue.*

YGGH JGRAO CVQ

VSUXCSUYQ KGJYO! VGK BQK

HAGK CVQXJ GKA DGGO; GJ

HAGKXAD XC, FRJERQ.—WGVA

OJPOQA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 231

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.
EDMUND BURKE.

Americana. *The Great American Myth—that this huge country in comparison with others is alone culturally drab, hopelessly standardized, sunk in materialism—took root in the days when a younger America felt acutely its cultural inferiority to Mother Europe (with apologies to Boston, which never felt that way, as you will learn from Amory's "The Proper Bostonians"). Exploited by the naturalistic writers of the Twenties, the myth today is dead. If proof is needed, glance through Butterfield's recent "The American Past," DeVoto's "Across the Wide Missouri," Morris's "Postscript to Yesterday," and savor the rich variety of this country's past as we are now beginning to know it. And add to the picture such books as Tebbel's "The Marshall Fields" (reviewed in this issue), companion piece to the "Era of Elegance" discussed below.*

Dear Old Days of Private Enterprise

ERA OF ELEGANCE. By Andrew Tully. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1947. 232 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LUCIUS BEEBE

QUITE aside from its well and temperately written chronicle of the florid gestures, mostly architectural, of the age of rich men in America, this story is characterized by a quality not often encountered when practitioners of beautiful letters are confronted by the spectacle of great wealth and power: a vestigial trace of tolerance in the writer. In an age when any tangible evidence of acumen or enterprise in an individual is almost automatically and by standard practice the occasion for abuse and defamation, Mr. Tully is able to take his rich men and their mansions or leave them. Only now and then does he betray a trace of the stern moral rectitude which seems to take possession of most writers when they discover other people in the enjoyment of stupefying riches and great authority.

Mostly the tastes of the wicked rich of the nineteenth century in the United States were as stupefying as their resources themselves and almost without exception took the form of monstrous great houses embellished with the furnishings and decorations

of other monstrous great houses in Europe and England which had fallen on lean times.

The Fricks, Carnegies, Astors, Whitneys, Ryans, and Vanderbilts were a species of palatial lush. They couldn't get enough of Stanford White and they collected pipe organs, ballrooms, great masters, marble staircases, and suits of armor the way a secret drinker collects empty bottles in his bedroom. Old Isaac Brokaw had a working moat around his Fifth Avenue château to keep out robbers. It took six tons of coal a day and the activities of two licensed firemen to keep Charlie Schwab's Riverside Drive shebang warm in winter. The Vanderbilt family ran up so many hotel-size residences along Fifth Avenue that it seemed at times no more than a private lane or right of way. Size and splendor were the rage in an era when the possession of wealth was not yet suspect, and it all made for fairly uncomfortable living. Mamie Fish admitted that her house was about as comfortable as the Grand Central Depot and only a shade more exclusive.

All these now-vanished glories Mr. Tully recounts either factually or with gentle irony which does credit at once to his taste and tolerance. Other reporters have been known to run a fever when editorially encountering a Morgan or Carnegie. The fact of the matter is, of course, that the expensive sarabands of the very rich of the Eighties and Nineties provided a fine show for the less opulent public and gave character, even if a gaudy one, to an era when individualism flourished and enterprise was not at a discount. The cheap, shabby, and meretricious present could do with a few kings and builders in the grand manner and be the better for them.

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Once a Brahmin...

THE PROPER BOSTONIANS. By Cleveland Amory. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 381 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by DORIS PARKMAN

—"The Club," by Boardman Robinson.

"[Boston's] is a society for men, and your true Proper Bostonian, while he attends mixed parties as a social duty, finds enjoyment only in the company of other men."

"BUT IT *wasn't* Aunt Sally who left her money to the cat—it was Aunt Susan—you know, the Quincy branch." Such critics of "The Proper Bostonians" prove only that Cleveland Amory is right in spirit, even when he isn't always accurate in fact. He has done a good job of collecting Boston stories—though a few are slightly moldy with age—and several Boston homes are still quivering with the impact of the skeletons that fell out when the closet door was rudely snatched open.

Mr. Amory is thoroughly at home among the Boston Brahmins. He can trace a family trait through several generations, or assess to a nicety the social importance of every Proper Bostonian. He is less fortunate when he tries to assess the importance of this small group in relation to the rest of Boston—or in relation to the rest of the country.

In his chapter "The Old Guard on Guard," he argues that the Proper Bostonian is still the power behind the throne in his city. He points out that Dr. Peabody was able to get heat laid on in a train from Boston to Groton, and Bishop Lawrence had a mailbox restored in front of his house. But these are, after all, minor triumphs. And he fails to explain why the astute financiers—the "institution men" he describes—have allowed Boston to get into such a desperate financial situation that the taxes, though ruinous to property-holders, are still completely inadequate to the city's needs.

And while mentioning Leverett Saltonstall's joining the Charitable Irish Society, he fails to note the significance. In the past, the Proper Bostonian snubbed the Irish unmercifully. But the Proper Bostonian of today finds it advisable to court the Irish population—even to the point of attempting to identify himself with it—if he wishes to achieve a position of power.

Neal O'Hara, the columnist, when he introduced Saltonstall as a speaker at a large dinner, expressed pleasure that Mr. Saltonstall had been able to find a strain of Irish in his ancestry. "Though I understand," he added thoughtfully, "that it took an awful lot of straining."

Mr. Amory himself occasionally exhibits some of the most pronounced symptoms of Proper Bostonianism—in his ready belief, for example, that a small Harvard Club enjoys world-wide repute. He writes of "Al Smith, . . . whose curiosity had been so aroused by tales of the Porcellian that he prevailed upon his friend . . . Grenville Clark, to extend him the honor of seeing the place."

A friend of mine who was present at the time, writes:

> Al Smith, of course, had never heard of the Porcellian Club, and Granny Clark wanted very much to lure him into it. He asked me to help him kidnap Al out of the big tent where they were giving him lunch, on the plea that we'd get him some champagne. It was the Porcellian Club wanting to gloat over getting Al, not Al wanting to see something he didn't give a damn about.

I am sorry Mr. Amory didn't include a chapter on the men's dining and supper clubs—one of the most important and significant features of the segment of Boston society he describes. For it is a society for men, and your true Proper Bostonian, while he attends mixed dinner parties as a social duty, rarely enjoys them. He finds enjoyment and relaxation only in the company of other men.

There are men's dining and supper clubs for nearly every day of the week, meeting monthly or bi-monthly at the house of each member in turn. The supper clubs differ only from the dining clubs in that dinner is served at ten o'clock instead of eight. The unfortunate wife of the host is required to plan and execute the dinner—always quite elaborate, and including several wines—but she must on no account appear, though she must, of course, remain at home in case anything goes wrong in the kitchen. It is such a serious offense for a wife to show herself, that I have known of women trapped in laundry or kitchen when the first guest arrived, and forced to remain there until the last guest had departed. I also know a woman who claims to have donned cap and apron and helped serve dinner. Though she had known all the men all her life, no one recognized her, because no one looked at her.

But of course Mr. Amory couldn't include everything. I found his book highly readable, though it could have been greatly improved by skilful editing. It is sometimes repetitious, and reads more like a series of short pieces than an integrated book. I wondered how it could be of any special interest—except, possibly, to another Bostonian. However, Beacon Street is a very popular theme, perhaps because it has changed so little in a rapidly changing world.

I remember once expressing surprise at the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist stand of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. "But didn't you know," someone asked me in amazement, "that his grandfather helped to defeat the League of Nations?"

There is something very cozy and reassuring about being able to predict what a man will do by knowing what his grandfather did. I recommend "The Proper Bostonians" to anyone who finds it restful to read about a stable and predictable people in this extremely unstable and unpredictable world.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Sursum Corda

TOLERANCE, we have all been taught, is a virtue, but intolerance can have its merits too. Intolerance of wrong, intolerance of injustice, intolerance of prejudice—these we accept as merely the obverse of tolerance and so synonymous in practice if not in grammar with it. But intolerance in another sense, in the sense of disapproval of what may seem to many the virtue of tolerance, has a case to be made for it also. Charity of judgment, when it means extending to the wrongdoer condonation of his act on the ground that men are fallible and so worthy of forgiveness, is on the face of it a proper attitude but may in actuality be fruitful of evil. There are, after all, certain fixed ethical values, occasions where the right-minded can with justice say, "This is wrong, that is right," and it behooves the good citizen to take his stand on these issues. Why do black markets, for instance, exist? Not merely because the rapacious and dishonest wish to profit by them but because the far greater number who look upon their own integrity as beyond dispute compromise with their consciences when convenience is at odds with abnegation. If all the people who disapproved chicanery spoke out instead of remaining silent in the presence of what they disapprove, disregard of law and decency would be driven to the purlieus of the shady instead of flourishing in the circles of the polite. People have grown too fearful of treading on the toes of their neighbors, and lest they be charged with puritanism or narrow-mindedness hold their peace when they should speak out.

Thus, it seems to us, there is far too much latitude allowed today to the well-intentioned but misguided prophets of disaster who, on the argument that the only realistic attitude is to face the worst, believe it wise always to hold the possibility of catastrophe before the public. It would be madness, of course, not to face facts, not to admit the dangerous plight of international relationships and national circumstances and the complications that at any moment may ensue from them. But it is still greater madness to be committed to doctrine that collapse is inevitable, to spread by word of mouth or pen the impression that whatever machinery may have been set up to forfend the crash of civilization is foredoomed against the contrarieties and ambitions and ill will of nations and groups. To maintain that misunderstandings and cross-purposes are impossible, or highly improbable, of solution is to invite defeat. Free men will fight only for the things they believe in, and if they become convinced that the labor and struggle for a better world are to prove of no avail they will regard it as futile to endure through difficulties for a foregone failure. The only workable assumption that societies can make is that they have a future, and that they must either reconcile the problems at issue with others, or, failing reconciliation, acquiescence in the existence of policies and philosophies other than their own, and strive to live at peace within their own orbits.

It is not to delude oneself and one's fellows into a false security to maintain that what are seemingly insuperable hazards and stumbling blocks may be overcome; it is to gird oneself for victory. The great lack in America today is the vision, the confidence, the leadership that will armor the nation against doubt and confusion. The American people are by nature and by experience buoyant, optimistic, and self-confident. National obstacles have never overcome them; international challenges to their ideals and convictions have always roused them to heroic achievement. If they are laboring today in the slough of doubt and inaction it is because their imagination has not been inflamed, their determination aroused, or their idealism stirred. They are all latent in America — the passionate concern for the fate of the unfortunate, the will to good neighborliness, the devout addiction to peace. They could so easily be led into the conduits of fruitful action. But not by the politicians who lie in wait to pounce upon any suggestion that can be turned to the detriment of their party opponents, not by the Tafts who before the ink is dry on the President's message pronounce it totalitarian counsel, not by the gloomy who think the fight not worth the chance. They are right who say that the world has so little time. But it has some time, and if each man who longs to live in a world at peace will set his heart single on the good of all, it will have time enough.

A. L.

André Gide

AT THE age of seventy-seven André Gide has received the Nobel Prize. It is strange that this man who led French literature out of the romantic and symbolist movements of the late nineteenth century, who was the prophet of individualism and the castigator of social injustice, had to wait so long for this honor. Gide has been called a moral philosopher and a dramatist of ideas. He was already celebrated in 1895 when his ardent nature broke the shackles of a narrow religious education and his rigid conceptions of literary art. "Chopin has taught me more technically," he had written, "than any literary master." His moral and intellectual sufferings were revealed in the long series of his published notebooks in which the reader can study this struggle to break forth from the chrysalis of self-imposed upper-class restraint, from which Proust never escaped, into the limitless boundaries of suffering humanity. Indeed, he found the brutal facts of life almost too depressing to be borne, as "The Counterfeiter," his best-known novel, reveals in which he found the whole social order founded on hypocrisy, on counterfeit love and justice and counterfeit morality. In this country he began to be recognized through translations only twenty years ago, through the publication of a half dozen of his novels, a few critical essays, and a book of travel in Africa in which he exposed the cruelty of the French Colonial system. For his long celebrated "Note Books" the American public has had to wait until the appearance this year of the first volume, "The Journals of André Gide, 1889-1913." Aside from being a novelist, dramatist, and moralist, Gide was also one of the most penetrating of French critics and the founder of a new kind of literary magazine, *The Nouvelle Revue Française*, through which he discovered and encouraged many of the greatest of French writers and poets. The Nobel award was given to him for his "extensive and artistically important authorship in which he exposed the problems and conditions of mankind." Perhaps his greatest claim to fame will be his exposure of the development of the soul and nature of André Gide.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Crochet Crotchet

SIR: Poor Peacock, to have his "Crotchet Castle" turned to the gentle uses of crocheting! (*SRL* Oct. 25, page 28.) The only needles Peacock ever plied were the needles of wit! (And it wasn't a misprint, because Mr. McLaughlin did it three times.)

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Atom Item

SIR: Lacking from the current nonfiction output is a certainly badly needed item, the first publisher to supply which will have noticeably larger figures on the balance sheet that is burned up with New York.

The book that I am in the market for might be entitled "After the Atom: A Guide to Survival in the Post-war Era." At present the publications most approximating it are the "Boy Scout Handbook" and the Encyclopedia Britannica, and neither of them was written to meet the needs of a civilized man in a country where all the cities have been destroyed and transportation and trade have broken down.

The compilers would have to make the perhaps unwarranted assumption that some people would remain alive, but of course that's the assumption that the buyer makes also.

The book should cover such subjects as woodcraft (including plant recognition), hunting, fishing, agriculture, simple carpentry, ceramics, and maybe something on mining and smelting. It would be desirable to have special maps of North America, indicating what can be grown in different areas, perhaps pointing out which sections can be made most self-sufficient. I was about to suggest that the book also include some instruction in small arms and the manly art of self-defense; but maybe we'd better begin our new era on a more pacific basis, eh?

I should imagine there are quite a lot of people besides myself who plan to go on living, and such a book as this ought to get a large sale.

JACK SPEER.

Seattle, Wash.

Helpless?

SIR: I can answer the question raised in Norman Cousins's editorial in *SRL* Oct. 18, but unhappily I can't draw any conclusions from the answer. People reacted to Bill Mauldin's account of the cruel treatment of circus mice because there was something they could do about it; they knew what it was and they invoked the intervention of the properly authorized organization. Before the picture of human misery brought constantly to our attention most of us are helpless, and finally the only endurable reaction is to close our eyes.

We can't even tell in so simple a matter as going without chicken and eggs on Thursdays whether we are helping starving Europeans, as the President says, or depriving them of needed grains to feed the chickens we don't eat, as poultry growers say.

Some people think the present deplorable state of our relations with Russia is directly due to our military intervention in Greece and Turkey, others that that intervention was a lamentably short step in the right direction. Wherever human suffering is presented to the American people with a clear indication of what we can do to relieve it, we do something. Where an intolerable situation is presented and we don't know what to do, we become increasingly frustrated and aggressive against one another.

Propaganda has something to answer for there. In one elementary school I know about a speaker boosting a drive for the collection of old newspapers described a military hospital "basket case" so graphically that one kindergarten child rose screaming in the auditorium: "I'll bring them, I'll bring them." The paper drive went over the top, but I wonder whether it was worth the damage that was done to one child's capacity for intelligently directed, useful sympathy.

We have almost reached the limit of our capacity to react to horrors; if the horrors go on beyond that limit it is too bad, and that's all we can say.

Anyone who thinks he sees the way clear to bettering anything in the world today ought to hammer away at converting other people to his intellectual conviction as to method; the limit of the emotional appeal has been reached and passed.

ANNA MARY WELLS.

West Allenhurst, N. J.

"Did you advertise for a new Recept., attr. typ., Mon. Bd. op., knowl. steno., swbd., 5-5½ days?"

"Too Clear"!

SIR: In a world that I find all too blurby, I turn with never-failing satisfaction to my *Saturday Review*. In *SRL* Oct. 4 I came across an article which tickled my risibles immensely, *viz.* Samuel Williamson's "How to Write Like a Social Scientist." It took me straight back to 1908-09-10 when I was doing graduate work in psychology at my alma mater, the University of Chicago. For four quarters on end, including Sundays, I carried on experiments in animal learning. Watson and Yerkes, too, were just delving into the hidden ways of the animal mind. I told my nice young professor—later head of the department—that I wanted to make a combination learning curve, time, distance and error. "Oh, no, impossible," said he. My dander at once raised its bristly head, and I made the curve. It led to an article which my young professor thought very fine, only said he, "You'll have to change it. Make it sound more learned. It's too clear, too simple sounding!" Now I had published a few stories but at that time was guiltless of technical articles. I could not see, nor do I now, why a technical article should not be clear. My dictum was, "If you want to publish the article, all right, but I will not make it hazy."

During the thirty years as a clinical psychologist which ensued I often thought of that happening. I learned how close the relationship is between mental disease and over-wordiness, the love of abstruse, impossible-to-understand terms. Many times these very characteristics were very valuable to me diagnostically. I wish that sometime a younger, cleverer person than myself would make an honest study of paranoid tendencies as evidenced in painting, in music, in politics, as well as in literary composition. Such a study would do little for the diseased ones, but it would sway those who blindly follow the most glittering star-novelty, and it would comfort those of us who still try to hold steady.

VINNIE CRANDALL HICKS.

Aberdeen, Md.

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The Prayer

MARK HAYMON

THERE was once a man who lived with his wife and daughter in the City of New York which is in the state of the same name in the United States of America.

Being hard-working and honest he was poor and quite unable to put by enough money to come within a lifetime of realizing his dream and the dream of his wife and daughter—which was to retire and live in peace in the country freed from the everyday struggle for existence.

One night as he lay in bed beside his sleeping wife, it occurred to him to thank God for his good fortune in having a faithful and loving wife, a beautiful child, and a job which brought him enough at any rate to feed, clothe, and house them in fair comfort.

"I am free from physical pain, and mentally serene," he said to himself. "This moment is a good one. Let me thank God for it!"

Had he fallen asleep at this point all might have been well; but the Evil One tempted him, and he began to think how wonderful life would be if he could prolong this moment for the rest of his days.

"If only I had enough money," he thought, rapturously, "to invest in something safe which would bring me an income I could retire on." And he prayed to God and promised to glorify His name with good deeds and a godly life if God would but show him in a dream that night how he might quickly acquire enough money to realize his ambition.

"I would give," he said to God, "a tenth of my income to charitable works in your Holy Name." And smiling happily, one hand clasped against his brow, he fell asleep.

* * *

HIS sleep was dreamless, but he awoke with the feeling that someone had struck him on top of the head with an iron bar. Gingerly he felt his crown, but there was no lump to evidence a blow. Yet his scalp had become extremely sensitive. It hurt him to raise his eyebrows, though the action hardly moved the scalp at all. Even the touch of a pillow against the hair on the top of his head hurt him.

He was puzzled and alarmed and in constant pain. He was morose and angry with his wife and child, and made them miserable and unhappy by shutting himself up in his room and commanding them not to disturb him.

"The Devil is in it," he thought, and then remembered his attempt at celestial bribery the previous night. "Satan himself must have tempted me," he groaned, repenting the sin that had brought about his fall from Grace and longing for a return to the good moment which had preceded it. "To be content with one's lot," he muttered, "is the secret of happiness." And he went to the medicine chest and swallowed a couple of aspirin tablets. Then he lay down on his bed and rested, but the pain at the top of his head continued unabated. So he decided to see a doctor.

The doctor took a specimen of his urine and a large fee, and referred him to a neurologist. The neurologist wrote a long report the reading of which only aggravated the pain. Desperate, he followed the advice of various friends and went in turn to a psychologist, a psychiatrist, an oculist, and a dentist.

The psychologist and the psychiatrist each wrote a long report which he did not read for fear of increasing his pain. The oculist gave him a prescription for new lenses through which he saw no better and which gave him no relief. The dentist X-rayed his jaws, but finding nothing wrong with his teeth dug out the filling in his molars and refilled the cavities. Having effected no cure the dentist then extracted fifty dollars more than the agreed fee.

All his savings having been spent in paying these professional fees, he decided to tell his troubles to a man of God who would at least advise him without demanding immediate payment. The man of God spoke soft and consoling words, but was unable to dissipate the pain in his head.

He made for the nearest bar. As the barman approached he carefully felt the top of his head.

"As if someone's hitting it with a hammer," he muttered. "I'm at the end of my tether."

"Under the weather?" said the barman. "What'll it be?"

He suppressed a groan.

"Double whiskey," he said.

"Jevver hear the one about the guy who prayed for ten thousand bucks?" said the barman.

He gulped the whiskey neat, and pressed both hands against his head.

"Well," continued the barman, "this guy says: 'Lord,' he says, 'send me ten grand, and I'll give away a thousand bucks to charity. And if You don't trust me, Lord, keep the grand and send me nine'!"

A great thud of pain seemed to crush his skull like an eggshell from the blow of a sledgehammer.

He pitched forward, clutching the air.

* * *

"I COULD be facetious and suggest that death was due to the shock of a bad joke on a harassed mind," thought the Coroner, listening to the evidence of the dead man's family and friends. "Yet, isn't this poor soul a symbol of the aggravated condition of life in the highest form yet reached on this planet? Most of all the poor fellow craved a state of peace and contentment, and so he prayed for what he thought was the best way to achieve it. And no doubt his prayer was answered and the way would have been made known to him if his skull had not been too thick to prevent the knowledge penetrating it!"

A medical expert was saying: "And we are unable to trace the precise cause of the extreme pain at the crown of his head suffered by the deceased."

The Coroner continued his silent soliloquy.

"Isn't this the condition of all mankind? And must we perish because we are too thick-headed to let in the knowledge which can save us? Civilizations have flourished and fallen. My colleagues, the historians, have ascribed conflicting causes. Will some greater Coroner beyond our universe preside at an inquest on the extermination of all life on this planet we call Earth? Who will be our witnesses? And what will be his verdict?"

Aloud, the Coroner said: "Cause of death, unknown."

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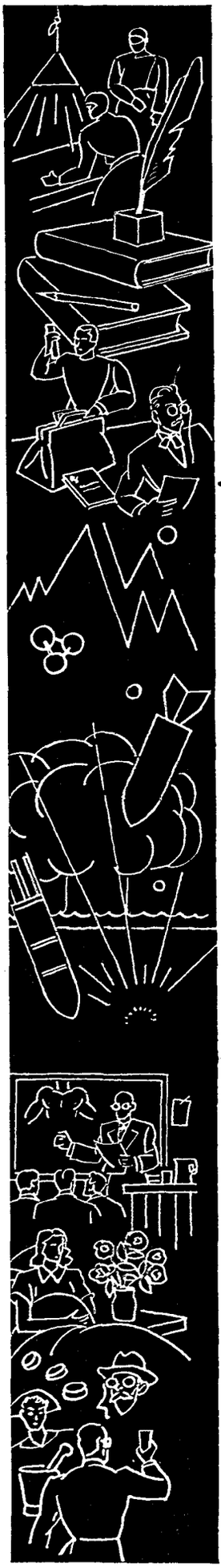

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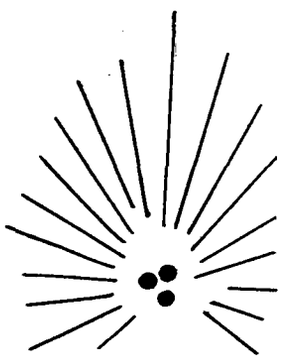

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Seeing Things

"LET RIGHT BE DONE"

AMONG the great cases brought to trial, many and varied, solved and unsolved, but usually having to do with murder, the terrifying plight of Master Archer-Shee holds a fascination of its own. Unlike most courtroom battles of similar notoriety, this one involved no throat cut, no gun fired, no culprit to be hanged.

There was a culprit, however. More accurately, there were two culprits—the Royal Naval Academy at Osborne, and the British Admiralty. Though both of these were somewhat outsized for the noose, in this instance they deserved punishment. The crime for which they were responsible was against a small boy. It must, therefore, have seemed like a small crime. At least it must have to many impatient Britishers when first they read in their newspapers that their government, busy with imperial problems, was squandering its time on the guilt or innocence of a mere lad and his alleged theft of a sum too trifling to capture the attention of light-fingered politicians.

No wonder the case caught the interest of the world in those quieter days before the First World War when Martin Archer-Shee, young George's father, was resolved to spend his meager all clearing his innocent son's name. Or that Alexander Woollcott, connoisseur though he was in matters gory, had an especially warm spot in his hospitable heart for this particular trial. Or that Terence Rattigan has based on this same suit "The Winslow Boy,"* which is beyond dispute the best play he has so far written.

The Archer-Shee case had its undeniable elements of drama. It did not reveal a timid Oliver Twist asking only for more porridge. It disclosed Oliver's parent boldly demanding, with the aid of so preeminent an advocate as Sir Edward Carson, full justice for his son. The contest gained in absorption by being uneven. It pitted one man (as "little" and commonplace as you and I) against the Crown. Hence it made that timeless raid on the sympathies which has always sent cheers into the throats of people everywhere when any David has dared to take on any Goliath in single combat.

There are other, and worthier, reasons why this case deserves remembrance. Infinitely more was at stake than a youngster's reputation, a father's proud and stubborn faith, or a forged and stolen five-shilling postal order. To men with a proper passion for freedom the trial abounded in overtones. Although the situation was exceptional, it touched upon the rights of average citizens. The principles for which the barons met at Runnymede were involved in the fate of a Liverpool family. A small boy and the Magna Carta suddenly and somehow found themselves fused.

Mr. Woollcott went straight to the matter's core. In his admirable retelling of the story in "Long, Long Ago" he described the incident as "a microcosm in which was summed up the long history of British liberty." "Here," said he, "in the small visible compass of one boy's fate was the entire issue of the inviolable sovereignty of the individual."

Mr. Rattigan is no less keenly aware of the implications of the case. His sensing of the story's ricochets and the taste with which he suggests rather than emphasizes these are proofs of his skill in "The Winslow Boy." Since his concern is the case itself, and only the case, he is stalwart enough to foreswear any hint of what actually became of young Archer-Shee. This was the final irony of an ironic career. The boy was thirteen when, in the fall of 1908, he was dismissed from Osborne. Two long and costly years passed before his good name was publicly made good again.

You may feel that Fate by then had already been over-generous in dealing him unlucky cards. She had been. Even so she had another card, this time an ace of spades, tucked up her sleeve. She slipped it on the table, face up, when he was nineteen. The August of that year, when the First World War broke out, found (according to Mr. Woollcott) young Archer-Shee working in New York City for the Wall Street firm of Fisk & Robinson. England was calling up her young men. His love for her was undiminished. He managed to get home. He managed, too, and quite understandably, to get into the Army this time rather than the Navy. He also managed to get over to France. Yes, and to get killed at Ypres in the war's first October.

—Vandamm.

Michael Newell, "unspoiled by any blemishes of the stage brat" . . . Frank Allenby, "austerely aristocratic."

It is the earlier misfortunes of this same ill-starred English youth to which Mr. Rattigan limits himself. He follows the real case closely in all its key incidents and legal aspects. He may move it a little closer on the calendar to the previous war. The Archer-Shees may have become the Winslows. The Winslows may live in London's Kensington instead of Liverpool. Sir Edward Carson may have been rechristened Sir Robert Morton. The older son may have ceased to be an M.P., a Major, and a D.S.O., and dwindled for dramatic contrast into an undergraduate, more devoted to his victrola than his studies, who must sacrifice his degree at Oxford in order to save money for his father's battle for justice. The family may now include a daughter whose marriage to a prig is called off because of the prospective father-in-law's objections to the publicity the trial is attracting.

NONETHELESS, the major incidents in a deeply moving story remain identical. The curt letter of dismissal from Osborne. The family's despair. The father's mobilized resolve to demand a hearing. Sir Edward's pulverizing cross-examination in private of Master Archer-Shee before he would undertake the defense. The intricate maneuvering necessary to secure a public trial by having a Petition of Right reach the King and having the monarch scrawl across it the stirring words, "Let right be done." The family's constant temptation to be practical rather than idealistic. The

* *THE WINSLOW BOY, a new play by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Glen Byam Shaw. Setting by Michael Weight. Presented by Atlantis Productions (the Theatre Guild, H. M. Tennent Ltd., John C. Wilson). With a cast including Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, Valerie White, Michael Newell, Madge Compton, Michael Kingsley, George Benson, Owen Holder, etc. At the Empire.*

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collapse on the witness stand of the postmistress's flimsy testimony. The final triumph in the courtroom, and the crowds cheering on the streets outside, for the courageous father, for Sir Edward, and, more particularly, for justice. The humanizing fact that the boy was young enough to sleep soundly when the case was reaching its crescendo and had slipped off to a theatre when the verdict was turned in. All of these true occurrences chart the action of "The Winslow Boy."

It is to Mr. Rattigan's credit, however, that he has found his own ingenious ways of developing them, motivating them, and illustrating them in dramatic form. The first two of his four scenes are especially effective. If the last two, though still interesting, lose something of the tightness and urgency of their predecessors, it is because Mr. Rattigan is unwilling to follow his story into the courtroom where it belongs. Instead, he continues to place it in the Winslow living room. This means that several of the characters begin to function as Greek messengers. They must not only tell us what is happening at the trial, when we would like to see and hear it for ourselves, but they are forced into improbable explanations of their own absence from it.

Despite this slight falling off, "The Winslow Boy" provides an engrossing evening. It is, if anything, better played here than it was in London. As the unfortunate child, Michael Newell continues to give a poignant performance, unspoiled by any blemishes of the stage brat. His suffragette sister is acted by Valerie White so that she dispels for all time the myth that a young woman cannot be at once causeful and desirable. Alan Webb admirably realizes the wit, the crotchets, the kindness, and the averageness of the father. And, as Sir Robert, Frank Allenby succeeds in projecting a figure formidable of mind and austerely aristocratic in appearance, where Emlyn Williams created a barrister who was fearsome to the point of being monstrous.

In a world where the importance of the individual has dwindled, where it is frankly menaced by bureaucratic encroachments, where the respect for what is expedient has alarmingly outdistanced the regard for what is right, and where in many countries there is not even a pretense to justice as we understand the word, the restatement in "The Winslow Boy" of the Archer-Shee case acquires a special significance.

Though it provides theatregoers with an absorbing evening, it cannot be classified as mere make-believe. It is too near the brave and hopeful truth for that. Its almost factual ac-

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COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

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count of how one English family was willing to sacrifice everything for a principle compels us to look into ourselves and wonder how we, as Americans, would act, collectively and individually, under similar circumstances.

The British love of "fair play," especially within their own borders and certainly in the instance of Englishman *versus* Englishman, is a national characteristic so generally admitted as to have become a cliché. The same esteem in which the French hold logic, which we show for personal independence, the British have for justice. It is a British passion; the passion of a people who pride themselves upon keeping their other passions in check.

Mr. Woollcott was right beyond fear of contradiction by Goebbels's ghost or *The Daily Worker* when he said the Archer-Shee case could not have happened in any totalitarian state. He described its story of a whole nation getting worked up about a little matter of principle, and the foremost men of the land taking up the cudgels against the State because a youngster had been unfairly treated as being "peculiarly English." I wonder. I hope not.

Recently I was in Des Moines. A friend there was kind enough to show me a story which had appeared three days earlier on the front page of that truly liberal, truly courageous, newspaper, the *Des Moines Register*. It was

a terrible and disheartening story, so ably written by George Shane, a staff writer, that I trust it will come to the attention of the Pulitzer judges.

As I read it, I could not help thinking back to the Archer-Shee case. In condensing the story here, I lean heavily on Mr. Shane and apologize to him for the damage I shall do to his own telling of it. Had I been able to get a plane, and had my lecture schedule permitted, I would have flown down to the southwest corner of Iowa myself. For there it was, in a small town of six hundred people, a town known ironically as Pacific Junction, that the whole distressing incident occurred and that, though our own passion for "fair play" showed itself, American justice was reduced to a farce.

Pacific Junction, I gather, is a sleepy village. It includes some two dozen stores, one of which is just now being remodeled into a gospel hall. Mr. Shane noted a couple of sheep grazing in the yard of one home in the eastern part of the business district. Apparently no one would guess from looking at so tranquil a scene that a favorite boast of the place is that "no nigger can light in Pacific Junction for more than twenty-four hours." Not everyone there is prejudiced. Only eighty per cent, one witness guessed later. But, because of them, the other twenty per cent are afraid to speak out.

Well—an American citizen, unaware of this boast, did venture into this town. He just happened to be a Negro. His error, a simple and natural one, was to mistake the place for an American city. No doubt he believed, certainly he behaved, as if he were a free man in the land of freedom. His name was Alfred Twitty, and he came from Washington, D. C. I name him at once because, though he is the person most concerned, he seems to have dropped out of the picture entirely. By now he has long since moved on to another town. I trust one more hospitable, more American.

Twitty had some money on him. He was neat, clean, well spoken, and, in this land of free enterprise, willing to work. Bill Johnson, a local café owner, could, and did, testify to all this. He had paid and fed Twitty for mopping his restaurant. In the opinion of the woman cook, Twitty "did a good job of cleaning up."

But Twitty made a mistake. As an American citizen, he dared to walk openly down a street. It was there that he ran into the mayor of Pacific Junction, John Lutter. Lutter is a man of fifty-eight who has held his high office for two years. Before then he had served thirty-four and a half years in the Navy, specializing in submarine torpedoes. He was a chief warrant officer when he was honorably discharged on February 1, 1945.

Lutter was looking for the Negro. He was aware, as Twitty was not, of Pacific Junction's boast. "I believe you are mooching for work and are a vagrant," was the mayor's charming substitute for a welcome.

Later, when the case had come to trial before a Justice of the Peace Court jury, Lutter caused laughter in the courtroom by mimicking the Negro's answer in "a Deep South voice." What Twitty had replied was only, "Ah'm willin' to work; Ah'm no vagrant." Nothing more. Nothing less. Even if his accent was the same

World Leadership

By George Abbe

AMERICA has built a plane of streaming silver
That out of love and goodness flies abroad.
Its belly houses the smiling dream of a giver,
Rotarian or Legionnaire, believer in God.

Its turret guns are cleaned with oil of gentleness;
"For your protection" blazes in its star;
To symbolize eternal freedom of the press
It scatters implications of atomic war.

America's great lovers shaped the wings
With hands that said: "Your shadow caress the poor
Of Europe with this promise: If they sing
'America the Beautiful,' they shall endure."

Across a half a hundred countries its motors cry
Where, flung beneath, the steel America spawns
Shines tenderly in blossoming industry,
In humanitarian helmets, sagacious brawn
Of fleet and air armada come to dine
At brotherhood's table. There will be speeches
and a prize:
People learn freedom: they can see
That frigidaires are wired to the Divine.

Back home, the poll tax lives, the Negro dies,
Accepted faults in cycles most benign.

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as Bilbo's. Funny that. Funny as hell. This answer did not satisfy the mayor. He gave the Negro an hour to leave town.

When Lutter saw Twitty on Main Street a half-hour later, he repeated his warning. This time, however, Twitty was not alone. This is where the story suddenly brightens.

Six young citizens, five of them veterans, were with the Negro now, discussing his case. He had not known what to do. He had appealed to them. One was Victor Hopkinson, twenty-nine, a mill worker; married and the father of three children. Another was Richard E. Stoney, twenty. He is an electrician now, but had been in the Air Force. Then there was Otis Turner, also twenty. He is a Navy veteran turned cement finisher. And Abe Fisher, Jr., age not given, at present a carpenter, who served with the Navy in the South Pacific. There was also Lawrence Turner, twenty-eight. Although at present a mill hand, he went overseas with the 34th Division. For twenty-nine months Turner had been a prisoner in a German camp. He admitted later that these months had given him "quite a bit" of time in which to speculate on man's inhumanity to man. As he put it, in notable words, "If some of these prejudiced people in Pacific Junction went through that for half that time, they would have a lot better understanding of how to live and let live."

Finally there was Russell Coppock, thirty-four. He is a college graduate; is married, and has four sons ranging from three to seven. For a year he has taught in Pacific Junction. He is also the coach at the high school. Spiritually, he must be a cousin of the elder Archer-Shee. He is made of the same stuff and, as you will see, shares the same passion for right. He comes by this willingness to protest naturally. It is in his blood. He may spell his name differently, but he is descended from the family which contributed the Coppoc brothers, Edwin and Barclay, of Springdale, Iowa, to John Brown for the 1859 raid on the Federal Arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

These were the six young Americans Mayor Lutter encountered when, after his first warning to the Negro, he again approached Twitty half an hour later. Warrant officers are not fond of receiving orders from enlisted men. What these veterans were saying must have sounded uncomfortably like insubordination to Lutter's indignant ears.

The six men were excited. Properly so. They may even have been a little angry. Why not? It would have been disgraceful had they not been. At

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least one of them shook a raised finger in the mayor's face. When it came to Lutter's right to run the Negro out of town, they had their definite opinions. "God damn it, you can't do that!" they shouted. "Very harshly," the mayor later testified, "as if they were going to show me." As Lawrence Turner put it, "This is the kind of thing we fought a war to do away with."

Hopkinson offered Twitty his shed as a night's lodging. Lawrence Turner was subsequently quoted (again filthy laughter in the courtroom) as saying the Negro could sleep with him. Lutter would have none of this. "By God," cried he, shaking his fist, "I'm running this town."

What happened thereafter is no less shameful than what had already occurred. The mayor did not file a charge against the Negro, but Twitty did leave town. He spent his last night in Pacific Junction sleeping in the depot, waiting for a train to take him to some other refuge in this country founded as a refuge for those in search of freedom.

His defenders, however, faced their difficulties, too. Mayor Lutter swore out warrants the next day against the six of them. The charge was interference with an officer through "violent and tumultous assembly."

The men are scarcely to be blamed for raising their voices both on the street and later when they were hauled to the home of Mrs. Lola Boquette, Justice of the Peace. I find it heartening that their sense of outrage was so strong that they made it impossible for Mrs. Boquette's husband, a railway engineer, to continue reading his evening paper in the same house.

When the Negro's six defenders were given a one-day trial in near-by Glenwood before a six-man jury of their peers, they were found guilty on the first ballot. The jurors recommended, however, that any fine or sentence be suspended. In passing sentence Justice of the Peace William P. Allbee, who confessed he had "thought all night how to make this agreeable to the public," fined each of the young men $25 plus costs of $31.50 to be divided among the group, or $5.25 each. Since the sentence was suspended, the men did not have to pay the $25 fines. But they did have to pay the costs.

To be sure, on the eve of the trial an offer was made that charges would be dropped if the defendants would "apologize" to the mayor. To their credit, and America's also, all six men declined.

Five of them, upon having paid their $5.25, concluded that they could

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS

Sarah Golder, of Cleveland, asks you to identify the story (and its author) in which the following letters and documents were important. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. This stolen letter was not discovered even after the most diligent search, although it was hidden in an exceedingly obvious spot.
2. On reading this letter, this recipient exclaimed, "Here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper! . . . every word in it a gaping wound, issuing life-blood!"
3. This letter expressing his unchanged love was written in great agitation by a young naval captain to his former fiancee while listening to her converse on the permanence of affection in men and in women.
4. This statement was written in the family Bible expressing their everlasting hatred of the man who had ruined them and was signed by a vindictive miller and his son.
5. This will was bitterly contested in Chancery for so long that the case used up most of the funds involved and seriously affected the lives of the interested persons.
6. A French lady kept this letter eighteen years as a memento of her dead lover, although she saw the man who actually wrote it every week.
7. This manuscript letter by John Donne on divine and human love was a bride's present to her husband.
8. This diary written by a dying courtesan to the man she loved revealed the great sacrifice she had made for his sake.
9. A husband paid $10,000 to a Chinese woman for this letter his wife had written, which, if produced in court, would have hanged her.
10. This letter confessing a past sin from a girl to her future husband was pushed by mistake under the rug as well as under his door and was not found until after the wedding.

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not fight the case further. They had neither the money nor the time. They would have to drop out of it, even as Twitty had dropped out of sight.

Coppock was different. Of course, there were friends—practical people—who came to him and said he should not have got mixed up in the whole affair. They were quick to remind him he had a wife and children to look after. But he, as I say, had in his veins something of that precious fire which burned in Archer-Shee's. Furthermore, he *was* being practical. He knew that back in Pacific Junction his chances of reappointment as a teacher would be slight under a mayor he had dared to oppose. What will happen in the future, I do not know. I am cheered to find that Coppock is continuing his battle and that the Civil Liberties Union has come to his assistance.

All of which takes me back to "The Winslow Boy" and Mr. Woollcott's insistence that the case upon which it is based was "peculiarly British." Coppock persuades me that it was not. At least in the willingness of an individual to espouse the cause of right. Yet there is a disgraceful difference between the two trials. That we in America share the British love of justice, white man to white man, no one can deny. When we say justice, however, we apparently do not mean equal justice for all Americans.

Justice is a matter of conviction, not of pigmentation. Until we have advanced to the necessary point where all people living in this country are recognized, in and out of the law courts, as Americans, our usage of the word "justice" is bound to be no more than mockery; the kind of mockery it was recently in Glenwood and Pacific Junction.

"Let right be done," indeed.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Erratum

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These are* not *the answers to the quiz opposite but are the key to last week's I.Q. for which the wrong answers were printed.*

1. Tennyson: "Ulysses." 2. Scott: "Old Mortality." 3. Shakespeare: "Macbeth." 4. Gay: "My Own Epitaph." 5. Bourdillon: "Light." 6. Byron: "Don Juan." 7. Cowper: "The Task." 8. Whittier: "Snowbound." 9. Coleridge: "Christabel." 10. Longfellow: "The Village Blacksmith." 11. Shelley: "Adonais." 12. Moore: "Love's Young Dream." 13. Gilbert: "Pinafore." 14. Milton: "Lycidas." 15. Barbauld: "Life." 16. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 17. Pope: "Essay on Man." 18. Gray: "Elegy." 19. Campbell: "Lochiel's Warning." 20. Browning: "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

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Story about a difficult author

Recently, for the first time in seven years (and 10,000 readings) your correspondents made, we think, a true find among the flood of unsolicited manuscripts that pours into our office steadily.

No agent, Essandess editor, or friendly scout in the trade had anything to do with it. A young woman in Georgia, a social worker, had simply wrapped up her manuscript, taken it to the post office, crossed her fingers, and dropped it in the mail slot.

The manuscript was greeted with spontaneous enthusiasm. But the author turned out to be something of a problem.

First there was the question of agreeing with her on the advance royalty. We told her at lunch that we wanted to publish her book and would like to give her an advance against royalties and how much did she want.

Miss Tyre thought a while and then asked, "How would $10 be?"

We turned this down flatly, explaining slowly that we sort of had more in mind. Next she asked us how much it costs to paper a wall because the wall of her bedroom was in pretty bad shape. We said we thought about $90 and she said, well $90 then. We rejected this too and said it had to be more than that. We named a sum.

"Don't be silly!" Miss Tyre said severely. "Don't you people know any better than to throw away your money?"

Well, after a knockdown battle, a satisfactory compromise was arrived at and Miss Tyre returned to Atlanta. Then we got a letter from her saying she did not want her book to be signed Nedra Tyre. We pointed out that this was, after all, her name. Miss Tyre did not think this a sound reason.

"You cannot imagine," she wrote, "what it is to be named Nedra Tyre. I telephone our Red Cross chapters every day or am telephoned by them or written to by them and my mail and telephone calls are addressed Miss Tarr, Miss Syre, Miss Lyre, Miss Tyler, Miss Tyree, Miss Dyer, Miss Tyr, Miss Tye, Miss Todd. And my first name is Nita, Neta, Meda, Juanita, Uneda, O'Nedra, etc., etc. I answer to so many names that I'm psychotic and at the slightest unfamiliar noise I turn around and say, are you talking to me? If you think the book should be published under my name, all right. But I would do it for half price if you would let it be published under the name of Mary Smith or Mary Jones."

We informed Miss Tyre that we can't go changing her name around all over the place all the time, because her book RED WINE FIRST is the first step in the career of an important author.

In RED WINE FIRST twenty-five clients of welfare agencies pour out life stories full of pathos and irony and the natural beauty of folk speech. They are people who lived in the South in the early 1940's, but in the author's words "they might have lived anywhere, for they speak as all men and women do, of love and hate and human dignity and of the anguish caused when minds and hearts and bodies go unfed." Here are some of the things some of them say:

A woman who was saved: I usta be the meanest woman. And then I was saved by the Blood of the Lamb. And now when my husband comes in and wants to start any funny business, I make him think twict, I can tell you. When I git to heaven I'm gonna have floor lamps and plush furniture and one of them great big Philco radios.

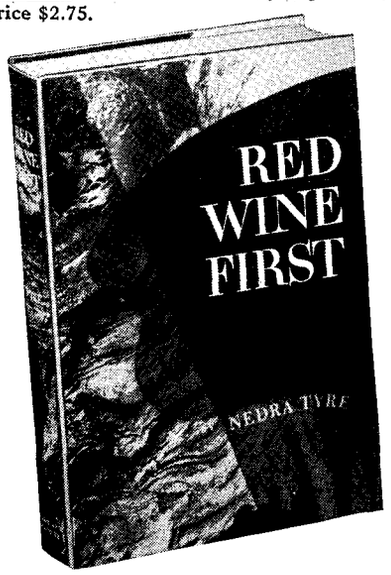
An indignant relief client: A man comes here hongry and you set right there in front of him with yore hair all curled and yore shoes so nice musta cost five ninety eight if they cost a dime and smellin' of perfume and grinnin' and a sayin' now "where was you born."

An old man who married a girl in trouble: We ain't neither one lonely no more, we ain't afraid no more, can't nothin' touch us, can't nothin' hurt us. And I don't worry about wintertime. I got somebody to love.

An old woman: Annie, I said to myself, you just hold yore head up with any of them, and just remember it ain't the world against you that you got to ast for charity. It ain't nothin' personal a tall. Maybe the Lord put it on you to be on charity instid of some weak soul that couldn't a stood it as good.

How can you classify a book like this? You can't really compare it to Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* or Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* because it is *sui generis*. We'll just have to ask you to read it yourself.

RED WINE FIRST is just published. Price $2.75.



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Writing.

The two books reviewed below give rise to interesting speculations: What kind of book is most significant for our day, the product of the so-called avant-garde, represented by the writers collected in "Spearhead," the New Directions anthology, or the popular best seller which, according to Mott's "Golden Multitudes," is generally a book which has exerted a broad social influence in its day? We have here the demands of posterity competing with the demands of the hour; the standards of the litterateur *opposed to those of the social historian. But are the "Spearhead" authors really avant-garde? Can writers like E. E. Cummings and William Carlos Williams, definitely avant-garde twenty years ago, still be considered pioneers by any definition of the term? Since obviously they are not, we must beg the larger question.*

Night-World Voyagers, and Others

SPEARHEAD. Ten Years' Experimental Writing in America. New York: New Directions. 1947. 604 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

SINCE the "pleasant purpose" of 'Spearhead' is "to commemorate, and celebrate, the first ten years' activity of New Directions," it is not surprising that this large volume looks very much like the New Directions anthologies that have appeared at regular intervals (a considerable feat in itself!) during the decade 1936-1946. Nor is it a departure from James Laughlin's "eclectic" policies as editor-publisher that this tenth-anniversary commemorative publication draws not only on New Directions but also on other avant-garde periodicals, such as *Accent, Partisan Review, View, The Kenyon Review,* and *transition,* as well as on the somewhat more securely based *Poetry* and *The Sewanee Review,* for some of its contributions. "In spite of all temptations," Mr. Laughlin remains "impartial" and personally modest in his selections.

It is necessary to say "*personally* modest," because the claims made for the experimental writers herein celebrated are still as excessive as they have always been since the inception of the New Directions press. They have "done most to extend the horizon of technique in serious literature"; they "spearhead the forward movement of the larger body of workers in literature"; they are a "fertilizing force"; they have shown "a wealth of invention." Now two attitudes towards these claims are all too easy—one is to dismiss them cavalierly as "too-too," the other is to accept them in Mr. Laughlin's generous but—on the whole—uncritical spirit. The first attitude would be unfair, the second naïve. Let us sit down and be calm.

Of the authors represented in "Spearhead"—there are forty altogether—some of the older ones, like Pound, Cummings, Stein, and William Carlos Williams, have indeed headed the battle-lines of experiment. Of course, as has so often been pointed out (and, I suppose, as must be pointed out once more), these particular writers exerted their greatest influence in the Twenties, when their directions were indeed new; it is hard to justify their position as innovators in the decade covered by "Spearhead," especally when, as in the cases of Cummings and Williams, at least, some of their contributions to this volume actually date back as far as 1921 (Williams) and 1931 (Cummings). So, as an "historical survey" of the last ten years, "Spearhead" can be misleading.

On the other hand, as an index of the preoccupations and enthusiasms of the last decade of experiment in writing, "Spearhead" has a definite value. Here are such voyagers into the "night world" of the unconscious as Anais Nin, Kenneth Patchen, Henry Miller, and Eugene Jolas (whose *transition* gave so definite a cast to the Twenties' experiments). In this group, particularly, the trend toward quietism is especially noticeable in Miller and Jolas. Here, too, are representations of practically all the political attitudes of our time—for, despite their preoccupation with "techniques," the experimentalists cannot but react to their age. The gamut ranges all the way from the anti-fascism of Laughlin himself, and of writers like Randall Jarrell, through the pacifism of E. E. Cummings and the anti-communism of Georg Mann, to the fascism of Pound (here only in embryo, however, in selections from the more medieval of the "Cantos").

New directions or old, probings

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toward future techniques or continuation of the Twenties' — however the point be argued as to which ends New Directions has served, it would be decidedly ungenerous to deny that the publications represented in "Spearhead" have done very valuable work in the encouragement of new writers. Is it significant that the most solid work has been done in prose? Or is this only one reader's impression? In any case, such distinguished prose contributions as those of H. J. Kaplan, Eleanor Clark, John Berryman, and Robert Penn Warren suggest that—with exceptions, always—this is a better decade for prose than it has been for poetry.

Champion Sellers

GOLDEN MULTITUDES: The Story of Best Sellers in the United States. By Frank Luther Mott. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. xiv + 357 pp. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

MR. MOTT'S study of the best-selling books in America adheres in general to the pattern he employed competently in his Pulitzer Prize-winning "History of American Magazines," which comprised three fat volumes—there are two more to come. "Golden Multitudes" is a much less bulky accomplishment (about the dimensions of a middling-size novel) only for the reason that it is concerned exclusively with successes—the magazine history had to do with both successes and failures, and the trail of American literary history is white with the bones of forgotten periodicals.

A magazine, whatever its shortcomings and however brief its term, is at least easy of definition, but how define a best-selling book? Mr. Mott has written his own ticket, and a pretty logical one. A best seller is a book whose sales reached or surpassed "one per cent of the total population of continental United States for the decade in which the book was published." He does not include Bibles, prayer books, hymnals, almanacs, cookbooks, "doctor-books," textbooks, dictionaries, and manuals; he omits series (Peter Parley, Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, G. A. Henty, Laura Jean Libbey) for the adequate reason that "single titles in such catalogues usually fall far short of the totals necessary to put them on our best-seller list"; he excludes also such "little books" as "The Man Without a Country," "The Greatest Thing in the World," and "A Message to Gar-

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that the British sale may well have exceeded the American—there was a London edition at a penny. There were at least twenty translations. Altogether, "six million seems a not unreasonable guess." Alice Payne Hackett's "Fifty Years of Best Sellers 1895-1945" gives an estimate of eight million. Both figures are a considerable deflation from Sheldon's own reckoning of "over 22,000,000"—a total which, in popular documentation, assisted by the love of round numbers (invariably a higher round number), easily ballooned to 30,000,000.

"As literature," says Mr. Mott of "In His Steps," "it is nothing less than amateurish; as a social document, it has first-rate importance." The worst best sellers deserve mention in any literary history on the basis of the influence, for better or worse, which they have exerted on the mass mind. Last year the Grolier Club of New York held an exhibition of one hundred American books printed before 1900 "chosen on the basis of their influence on the life and culture of the people"—the books were subsequently described and evaluated in an admirable catalogue. Thirty-five of the titles, from Michael Wigglesworth's "The Day of Doom" (probably 1662) to Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," are common to both the Grolier Club and the Mott lists. Fourteen Grolier Club titles would be excluded from Mr. Mott's list because of their specialty classification, among them "The New England Primer," Noah Webster's "Grammatical Institute of the English Language" (more familiarly known as the Webster speller), "The Book of Mormon," and Dr. Luther Emmett Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children." Several Grolier Club titles were obviously influential without being books in Mr. Mott's sense (though legitimate books in the Grolier Club sense)—the original printings of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Monroe Doctrine, the Dred Scott decision, and the Emancipation Proclamation. These technical exceptions aside, the parallelism between influence and sales is striking. Broadly speaking, best sellers are influential books, and influential books are best sellers.

Is there a best-seller formula? Mr. Mott says no. (If there were he could lease it, stop writing, and retire from the deanship of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri.) But without evolving a formula, he leaves several of the ingredients around. Fifteen per cent of best sellers in America have been written by clergymen (Wigglesworth to Lloyd C. Douglas). Self-improvement books have frequently done well—the idea is not new, witness "Pamela" and Chesterfield's "Letters." Adventure, humor, fantasy, sex appeal, exotic setting—each has often been a factor in establishing a best seller (or, more accurately, many best sellers have been compounded on these factors).

There is the corollary question: What makes a best seller sell? Mr. Mott concedes his helplessness in the face of that poser; publishing is "a tricky business, full of chances, timely and untimely strokes of fortune, lucky hits and unexplainable lapses." A crack sprinter runs fast because he can do a hundred yards in under ten seconds. Mr. Mott is wise in declining to attempt to resolve the puzzle. He is a reporter, not a prophet—not even an *ex post facto* prophet. For hindsight can be as risky a business as foresight.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Purloined Letter," by Edgar Allan Poe. 2. "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare. 3. "Persuasion," by Jane Austen. 4. "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot. 5. "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens. 6. "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmond Rostand. 7. "Busman's Honeymoon," by Dorothy Sayers. 8. "Camille," by Alexandre Dumas. 9. "The Letter," by Somerset Maugham. 10. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy.

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Desires Fulfilled

WINDWAGON SMITH AND OTHER YARNS. By Wilbur Schramm. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 208 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE MODERN short story is a burdened form, burdened with the problems and the bitterness of this mid-century, and it would seem that story writers don't find any fun either at their work or away from it. But Wilbur Schramm is a tale-teller of another, and an older, variety. He has fun in all the stories of this little volume. Sometimes it is an hilarious, headlong fun—a hop, skip, and jump into fantasy and extravagance; sometimes it is a half-humorous wondering about the horizon, and the blue prairie sky, and death.

One of the first things you feel in these stories is movement. They are American stories, all restless, all in motion. They are full of soaring and sailing and running wild. We remember that the people of "Winesburg, Ohio" had a pent-up and hopeless desire for escape; in Mr. Schramm's stories everybody escapes in a wonderful, airy fulfilment of desire. At the end they vanish over the horizon, and the place-bound people stare after them. Mr. Schramm gives his readers the dream-come-true.

Fantasy, as Mr. Schramm knows, is a delicate thing, and it is easily thrown off balance. It must be deftly, dexterously related to the actual, or it is the most tedious of storytelling. When there are no rules there is no game, and no interest. The rules are there in most of Mr. Schramm's stories. Windwagon Smith, sailing over the prairies, is the embodiment of all airy Western dreamers; he could tack right into the pages of "The Gilded Age" and clasp hands with Colonel Sellers. The story of the branch line train to Marietta, Ohio, has the poetical truth that is the essence of fantasy. I have ridden that casual little train on a summer morning through the Muskingum hills and I can vouch for reality in that story. But Mr. Schramm's story is about branch lines anywhere (and not necessarily railroad lines) and he has given a daydream for them all. Just as true is Birdie Feathers, with his unwritten book on Basic Principles in his head, crossing the campus paths on an April morning and slowly realizing that the flag is half-masted because he is dead. That gentle caricature of the Old Professor is fun, and without ceasing to be fun it grows quietly wistful.

But sometimes Mr. Schramm waives the rules, and the stories become forced and pointless. A runaway train is really a runaway engineer, abetted by a brakeman and a conductor, but "a flock of frisky, half-grown jeeps playing on a hill in Texas" isn't anything understandable at all. Fantasy is not the denial of fact, or the absence of fact. Fantasy is valid only on the edge of actuality, and at a precise point exaggeration breaks down of its own weight. There is only a strained and sweating humor in "Wilbur the Jeep," and in "The Horse That Played Third Base for Brooklyn." When fantasy gets out of control, gags substitute for humor and

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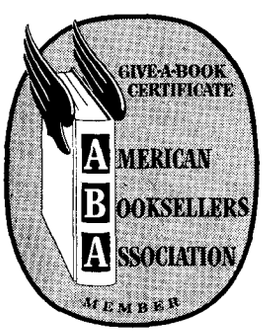

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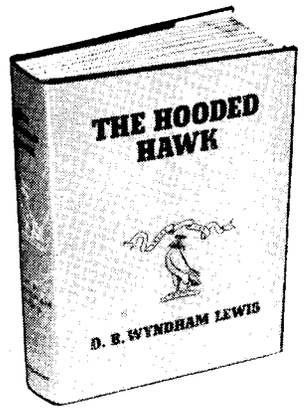

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preposterousness runs away with the story.

These stories were written in Iowa —half of them deal with Iowa or Kansas characters—and that must have some significance. I take it they could not have been written in New York, or by a New York writer who is impelled by the life and the literature around him to write of bitterness. Mr. Schramm reminds us that there are still some high-hearted and wayward Americans.

Sick Body and Soul

THE DUPE: A Story of the Sea. By Robert S. Close. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1947. *277 pp.* $3.

Reviewed by J. R. H. COUSE

IF a story can be said to be of a classic sort, in that kind can be put this story of a sailing ship in hard passage.

It would be an excellent novel if it concerned no more than that. But it is also the story of a sick captain who drives his ship as if to escape death for himself, and of a brutal mate who scourges the crew in doing it. That bucko, Bates, finally provokes his own death when he hazes the one man of the crew, Slater, who won't tolerate being humbled by him. But another seaman, Carson, foolishly allows his conceit to betray him into the role of murderer.

While that's a slight plot, this is still a strong story, very well written. However, it is almost a story for the special reader rather than the one indifferent to its milieu, because the author has chosen to emphasize the details of ship handling to a degree that will probably hamper the reader unfamiliar with the subject.

It has good characterizations, particularly the subject of its title, Carson. A former apprentice in officering who betrayed himself with an unwise spree, he's been a victim since of failed ambitions, afraid to go home, unhappy in the life of a sailor before the mast. His inner stuff is excellently woven into the texture of his behavior; and that is also true of the captain, whose desperation is the agony of real and unending pain in his body, from which he hopes to escape if he can only live to reach the able physicians "back home." But when the sick skipper malingers on, after the death of the magnificently vital mate, while Carson knows that he will face the gallows even though innocent, then the theme is beautifully developed: that animal health is insignificant, and a man may kill himself more surely by a malignance in the soul than in the flesh.

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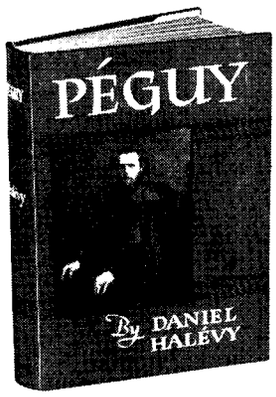

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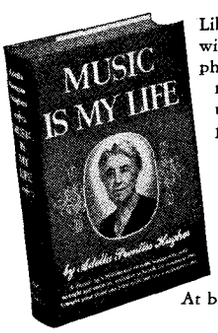

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The War.

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"A Very Simple Thing"

WAR AS I KNEW IT. By George S. Patton, Jr. Annotated by Colonel Paul D. Harkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 425 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN HIS reflections on the art of war that form a fitting and noteworthy conclusion of his book, General Patton wrote: "War is a very simple thing and the determining characteristics are self-confidence, speed, and audacity." Few will be inclined to agree that war is simple. The interplay of politics, strategy, tactics, and logistics with time and chance makes war a complicated and unpredictable thing. No one, however, will quarrel with the rest of this dictum. At all events the history of the U. S. Third Army under General Patton's leadership proves that these three characteristics win victories.

Take self-confidence. Few leaders in all military history have ever been surer of themselves than George Smith Patton, Jr. He frequently formed his projects swiftly, and on looking back after the armistice he concluded:

> throughout the campaign in Europe I know of no error I made except that of failing to send a combat command to take Hammelburg. Otherwise, my operations were, to me, strictly satisfactory. In every case, practically throughout the campaign, I was under wraps from the higher command. This may have been a good thing, as perhaps I am too impetuous. However, I do not believe I was, and feel that had I been permitted to go all out, the war would have ended sooner and more lives would have been saved. Particularly I think this statement applies to the time when, in the early days of September, we were halted, owing to the desire, or necessity, on the part of General Eisenhower in backing Montgomery's move to the north. At that time there was no question of doubt but that we could have gone through and on across the Rhine within ten days. This would have saved a great many thousand men.

Arguments on this point will be interminable. Political reasons and supply problems along with certain strategic considerations influenced General Eisenhower's decision to adopt another course of action.

The speed and audacity displayed by General Patton and his Army are less controversial. His own lively description of his moves proves that he had few peers in this or in any other war for the swift and bold maneuver that completely outwitted the enemy. Military history is the richer for the General's analysis of his planning and performance.

On the two episodes which caused a storm of criticism General Patton commented succinctly. In describing the notorious case of slapping the soldier General Patton concluded: "I am convinced that my action in this case was entirely correct, and that, had other officers had the courage to do likewise, the shameful use of 'battle fatigue' as an excuse for cowardice would have been infinitely reduced." These are the words of a soldier who did not spare himself any hardship.

His defense of the political action after the war that lost him his command is likewise of interest. He wrote:

> The one thing which I could not say then, and cannot yet say, is that my chief interest in establishing order in Germany was to prevent Germany from going communistic. I am afraid that our foolish and utterly stupid policy in regard to Germany will certainly cause them to join the Russians and thereby insure a communistic state throughout Western Europe.

These military memoirs are exceptionally valuable source material in American history, in which General Patton has earned a distinguished place. Even his severest critics must admit that this country will be fortunate indeed if in time of future peril it can find his equal.

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Department of Mars

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF WAR PIECES. By the editors of The New Yorker. *New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1947. 562 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

OF THE billions of words written about the war, the quarter million in "The New Yorker Book of War Pieces" represent perhaps the most distinguished and civilized reportage the six years of conflict produced. The book would be noteworthy merely as a display of high-style journalism, mature and meticulous writing about the most writable phenomenon of our times. But this volume is more than a set of bang-up feature stories. If you read it from top to bottom you will find growing on these pages a record of the attitudes of the Western world towards the complicated business that was the Second World War.

In the pieces of the fall of 1939—Mollie Panter-Downes's "Letters from London," A. J. Liebling's October 22 "Letter from Paris," Princess Paul Sapieha's "Departure from Poland"—in these are mirrored our naïveté, our reluctance to change old patterns of life, our illogical hope that this mess could be settled in some other way and in some other place.

Then, with Dunkirk and the fall of Paris, comes the dash of cold water in the face. In Janet Flanner's "Paris, Germany" we taste the humiliation of occupation. In Liebling's "Due Credit to Hull" and Rebecca West's "Day in Town" we feel the brutality of siege. Slowly we prepare ourselves for the fight. We're butter-fingered amateurs first, as in E. J. Kahn's "The Army Life—My Day," and St. Clair McKelway's "Fourteen for the Navy." We discover with some surprise that we are capable of producing heroes like Phillip Cochran, an Air Forces major who bosses obsolete P-40 fighters with the guerrilla instincts of a Moseby; like Mollie, the swaggering ex-busboy, who almost single-handed brings off the capture of 600 Italian troops.

Battle makes us professional. We feel our increasing sureness in this strange medium in John Lardner's "Anzio, February 10th," in Walter Bernstein's "Busy Morning." Now we know what we're in for—and we know we're equal to it. D-Day in Normandy, Iwo, Okinawa, they're murderous. But we're running ahead now; we know we can do anything we have to.

With the swelling sense of victory comes our need to examine what we have won—and lost. In S. N. Behrman's "Suspended Drawing Room," Joel Sayre's "Letter from Berlin," John Hersey's "Hiroshima," we begin to inquire into the conditions of our new life.

There is an evenness to this writing most collections cannot boast. We are passed from one perceptive intelligence to another, like students listening to a succession of witty schoolmasters. For this reason, "The New Yorker Book of War Pieces" is not one an ex-infantryman will read and say, "Yes, that's the way it was." Except for an occasional piece like Walter Bernstein's "Search for a Battle," there is not the hot rush of bitterness you find in the collected stuff from *Yank*. There is little of the simple, grass-roots humanity which illuminated Ernie Pyle's best writing. There is horror in the book, and sentiment, and stink. But it is all transmuted into something tasteful and temperate by the urbane prose of *The New Yorker*, as if these 562 pages were lifted right out of the magazine's own Department of Understatement.

It is probably this same quality of restraint, coupled with the adultness of perception manifested throughout, which makes these pieces stand up so well anywhere from two to eight years after the fact. Only the London letters of Mollie Panter-Downes seem trivial without the background which gave them immediacy. In addition, I detect in this correspondence a trace of condescension which takes the form of repeated references to that coster on the donkey cart who obligingly shouts, "All in it together to knock 'is bleedin' 'ead off."

Those, however, are my only gripes. A. J. Liebling's pieces are wonderful throughout the book. Mark Murphy's job on a seaman's eighty-three days on a raft is full of sparks. Behrman's essay on a London upstairs drawing room exposed by a bomb hit is one of the journalistic jewels of our day. Other high spots are Janet Flanner's "Escape of Mrs. Jeffries" and John Lardner's memorable discussion of the "Peetsborgh" phase of the Italian campaign, titled "The Mayor of Futani."

There is a certain poignancy about the book the editors may not have intended. It comes when after reading about 1944-45—when the watchword was unity and objectives were clear—you put down the volume and pick up today's newspaper.

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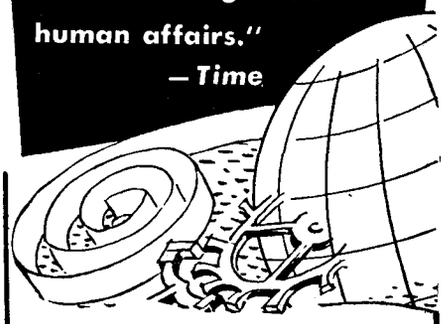

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Time also says that Mr. Huntington's book "has a human aliveness very rare in the social sciences. "Out of the vast, miscellaneous welter of Huntington's ideas a few will certainly live. One is the concept of 'kiths,' a main feature of his book. Huntington defined a kith as 'a group of people relatively homogeneous in language and culture, and freely intermarrying with one another.' He traced the careers of many influential kiths, including the Jews, the Puritan New Englanders, the Mongols, and Hakkas of South China. *Mainsprings of Civilization* is a fascinating study of what makes mankind "tick." **$4.75**

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In "Good-bye, Mr. Chippendale," first published in 1944 and now reissued with an added chapter and ideal illustrations by Mary Petty (Knopf, $2.75), T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings takes the antique business and antique collectors apart, unglues the false fronts, pulls off the fancy hardware, and discloses the new-rich snob and the predatory dealer in a locked embrace at the bottom of the *armoire*. He has great fun naming the names of those who have been responsible for fads and trends in furniture and decoration: Elsie de Wolfe, Charles of London, Sir Charles Allom, Dorothy Draper, and others. Henri van de Velde and Gropius attract his darts, while he bends a reverent knee to Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. At a time when we thought we would have a profusion of postwar houses, he voiced firm faith in the modern (liberal) furniture that would be designed to fit them. But where are those houses now? In the heat of his crusade against old furniture, he fails to mention the fact that some old furniture is really beautiful and good to live with; but his words come forcefully, we must admit, from one whose own name is so obviously pure Chippendale.

J. J. Morier's "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," first published in 1824, is still not as widely known in this country as it should be. I have been renewing my acquaintance with the cunning Hajji, in the attractive Heritage Press edition ($5) illustrated by Honoré Scott, and can recommend his company to any reader who has leisure enough to follow his shifting fortunes. This son of an Ispahan barber, this Persian picaroon, is as entertaining a rogue as any of his breed who ever roamed the roads of Europe or lived in European fiction; and the fact that his field of operations is unfamiliar to the average Western reader increases our enjoyment of his history. Those who have known Persia best have valued Hajji most, as a humorous but trustworthy *vade mecum* for the traveler in that country; but one need not know Persia, or plan to visit it, to be charmed by Hajji's wiles.

Four other new Heritage Press editions ($5 each) are of books so famous as to require no introduction. They are "The Book of Job," printed as poetry, with a preface by Mary Ellen Chase, richly illustrated by Arthur Szyk; Sterne's "Tristam Shandy," with a foreword by Christopher Morley and harmonious illustrations by T. M. Cleland; Anatole France's "Penguin Island," translated by A. W. Evans, with an introduction by Carl Van Doren and drawings by Malcolm Cameron; and Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale," introduced by Frank Swinnerton and stylishly illustrated by John Austen. These Heritage books, with the possible exception of "Hajji," run to more bulk than I care for; but they are what is generally known as "handsome," and their type is a joy to eyes past their prime.

The novel by which Arnold Bennett will live is also reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap ($1.49) . . . Betty Smith's vastly popular, sentimental fabrication, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," is available in a well-printed edition with drawings by Richard Bergere (Harper's, $3). . . . If you would read of the Old West as it really was (as opposed to its fictional existence) from the days of the Apache, Mangus Colorado, down to the death of Sitting Bull, turn to Paul J. Wellman's "Death on Horseback." This two-volume-in-one is sound American history, with chapters of which no American can be proud.

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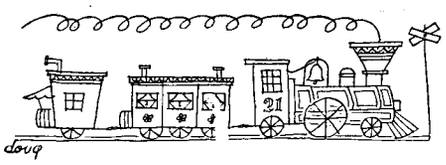

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NOSTALGIA FOR IVY

(Continued from page 11)

view? First of all we must observe the vast increase in enrollments. The experiment of federal subsidization of students, under the GI Bill, is destroying the last traces of class distinctions and is perhaps setting a precedent for the mass education of all worthy students. The presence of so many veterans is bound to have many influences on the entire college pattern. In the second place, the liberal arts are undergoing a significant transformation; general studies are cutting across traditional department barriers, and the vocational purpose of liberal courses is gaining increased recognition. Third, the older narrow concern with just teaching is being supplemented at both ends—by testing and guidance at the outset and by effective placement at graduation. A fourth condition, which may be only temporary, is the unusual number of married students, for whom dormitories and fraternities have no great appeal. Other forces are in evidence: the decay of hell-week as an adjunct of fraternity initiations, the increasing number of well-equipped student unions, and the growing interest in music and other art forms.

The American college is changing—there can be no doubt of it. It could remain static only as long as it catered to the few, but now it must be dynamic to have the significance it should in our dynamic society. The writer of college fiction can hardly overlook the forces now at work and the elements hitherto unknown on the campus. But if his books are to meet anything better than ephemeral recognition, he cannot stop at merely photographing the transient. He must fathom as best he can the eternal enigma of college as a unique molding experience, a miracle of growth that defies final analysis. And unless his insight is almost superhuman, all his intimate knowledge of the externals, the machinery, the facts and theories, will not be adequate.

The Great College Novel will not be easy to write. But the field is wide open for good college fiction that captures imaginatively the present spirit of the campus. Never before has college meant so much to so many, and it would be unfortunate if no gifted author were to give this era the immortality of print.

William Randel is a member of the English Department in the University of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy.

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THE CASE OF THE SECOND CHANCE *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Poker-bopping of English actor-producer baffles Supt. Wharton and Ludovic Travers. Blackmail case, two years later, reopens earlier affair—and closes it.	Redeemed mainly by engaging personalities of Wharton and Travers. Otherwise overlong, tortuous, and, surprisingly, spotted with "had-I-but-knowns."	Irritating
THE BILLION DOLLAR BODY *Joseph Shallit* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Suburban-Phila. police judo-instructor becomes bodyguard of pharmaceutical tycoon's madcap daughter, and stars in solution of subsequent slayings.	Rapidly boiling brew of priceless chemical formulae, feelthy pictures, and wayward women. Sleuth is forthright and girl he guards is something!	Lively
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AS LONG AS I LIVE *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Rinehart: $2)	Young wife driven nuts by evidence, including two deaths, that somebody is out to get her. Husband and family lawyer save day.	Early arrival of suspense-peak tends to level out following chapters. Red herrings are dexterously juggled and wind-up well handled.	Kinda noivous

Miracle

By Marcia Lee Anderson

DID THE wide water flatten to burnished flame?
Did the fish from terror to terror in dazzled lair
Leaping explode?
Did the wild weeds fade like drowning comets' hair?
Ah, fierce afire his terrible glory strode!

No; the casual water stayed the same;
In the wave-ribbed, wind-rid shapes any fisherman knows
It sloped and rocked;
The curious fish came nudging at his toes,
And the fat sea-leaves bobbed up and down as he walked.

No sea-scar tells the simple way he came.
Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.
And the wind ceased.
Only a stillness tells how love is made
Wider than all the waters of the east.

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the Phoenix Nest

CROWS BY LIGHTNING

AGAINST the glowering lightning, swarms of crows
Were wheeling, cringing, cawing things in pain.
The crashing storm bent down the mighty rows
Of trees, and flattened blowing fields of grain.
And at the dark tumultuous storm's white center
We saw them swerve and veer in panicked flight,
Who realized too late that it was winter,
And beat the swirling, storm-swept air in fright.
And where the pines thrashed fiercely down the valley,
We heard the charging thunder wheel and stone
The cringing crows, which seemed to wheel and sally—
Against that blowing sky we stood, alone,
Too stricken by the thing we saw for words,
And gave our hearts to screaming, frightened birds.

E. V. GRIFFITH.

* * *

In March 1932 there came into my possession a copy of the special edition of Eugene O'Neill's trilogy "Mourning Becomes Electra" (of which five hundred copies were for sale). This copy is signed by the author and a facsimile reproduction of his handwritten notes is in a pocket in the back of the book. These working notes and extracts from a fragmentary work diary are also printed on the book's supplementary pages. I saw the plays on the stage.

When, therefore, I was asked to attend a preview showing of the moving picture made from the trilogy, I accepted with alacrity. It is now ten days since the picture has been first publicly shown at the Golden Theatre, but so much was I impressed by it, that perhaps a slight comment here may not be out of order.

Seeing the picture naturally led me to rereading the plays. It is extraordinary how closely the producer-director, Dudley Nichols, has managed to follow the actual text. The Theatre Guild has taken great pride in thus honoring one of its early and enthusiastic competitors in the realm of the imagination, Eugene O'Neill. They tell us, "His early kinship of spirit with the Guild led to a more organic alliance, and in 1928 a writing-producing association began which has continued to this day." With the quality of the present picture Mr. O'Neill has expressed himself as "immensely gratified." There is a distinguished cast. Katina Paxinou is Christine Mannon and, as usual, brings great screen talent to her performance. Rosalind Russell, in the role of Lavinia, well conveys the inexorable fibre of the latter's nature, and carries the part with much dignity, though it is no disparagement to say that one still remembers the performance of one of America's greatest actresses, Alice Brady; just as one also recalls the great Nazimova in the mother's role. An extraordinary young English actor, Michael Redgrave, gives a definitive performance of Orin Mannon, with great fluidity of mood and a thoroughly American voice and manner. Raymond Massey is an impressive Ezra Mannon, Henry Hull is excellent as Seth, and Leo Genn as Adam Brant. The supporting players are more than adequate.

"Mourning Becomes Electra," thus transferred into a medium possessing certain advantages over the stage (noticeably in the matter of soliloquies) although naturally losing the living bond between players and audience that is so great an asset in the theatre, is one of the most remarkable moving pictures I have ever seen.

It is interesting to trace in O'Neill's notes the genesis of the trilogy. In the spring of 1926 he was turning over the idea of a modern psychological drama that should use one of "the old legend plots of Greek tragedy." By October of 1928, en route for China through the Arabian Sea, he had fastened upon a modern Electra. He says, "In Greek story she peters out into undramatic married banality. Such a character contained too much tragic fate within her soul to permit this—why should Furies have let Electra escape unpunished?" Through the notes we follow his first conception of a stylized play with masks. Later he drops the masks and recasts the stylized-soliloquies. In the summer of 1930 he feels deeply discouraged and that perhaps he has attempted more than he can accomplish. By September of that year he has arranged his scheme for revision and the final version, and says that he has learned much from the earlier stylized conception.

His ideas concerning speech-rhythm, pattern, the use of repetition, and the matter of family identification in recurring episodes are worth study. In the end, he comments, "I flatter myself it is a unique thing in dramaturgy—each play complete episode completely realized but at the same time, which is the important point, not complete in that its end begins following play and demands that play as an inevitable sequel—few trilogies in existence in drama of all time and none of them has this quality." Naturally, the moving picture has blended the trilogy into a single comprehensive and absorbing drama, and, due to its own resources, has heightened the effect of the recurring chantey and increased the pictorial background. Occasionally the chantey seems too obtrusive, and the outright language of O'Neill has been softened, in my own opinion, too greatly—as an instance, at the end of the story, in Lavinia's false confession which she makes to repulse Peter Niles for his own good. But these occasions are rare. One is in the presence, throughcut, of massive tragedy, and, most certainly, of real greatness of the creative mind.

* * *

ANALYSIS

Vishinsky's fevered tactics seem to me
Transparent as a hootchy dancer's veil:
Instead of logical diplomacy
He drags a red harangue across the trail.

DAVID S. STERN.

* * *

In the issue of November 8, I carelessly wrote that the Gerard Manley Hopkins "discoveries" were "a service to American poetry," thereby seeming to imply that Father Hopkins was an American! What I meant was that a service had been done to American poetry in enabling us to read the translations in this country. I apologize for this unintentional deception.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 714

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

[Diagramless, but easy for the week-end leisure, a concession to puzzlers who have been clamoring for such a D-C—E.S.K.]

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Members of a people of southern Belgium.	105 74 12 72 194 132 139 220
B. Inhabitant of a state admitted to the Union June 15, 1836.	87 17 5 214 127 108 39 192
C. Scottish missionary and African explorer (1813-73).	73 159 215 191 124 151 79 1 115 224 92
D. Kind of vacuum bottle to keep liquids at an even temperature.	141 58 218 157 56 111 42
E. Passed, as the time (2 wds.).	30 200 9 153 126 50 171
F. Abode of the dead (Greek mythology, etc.).	110 156 207 66 199
G. As a substitute or equivalent.	83 75 211 155 28 70 54
H. A reign of anarchy in the French Revolution, 1793-94.	212 52 37 163 135 130
I. State admitted to the Union Feb. 6, 1788.	175 106 21 131 187 109 2 45 165 103 147 221 134
J. A second mowing from the same soil.	3 195 22 20 44 27 190 178 14
K. Unnecessary.	4 128 162 76 86 216 226 204
L. Beats out grain from wheat stalks by various methods.	166 197 23 180 112 169 174 193
M. Name of ninth and twenty-third Presidents of the U.S.A.	120 123 184 173 164 6 24 114
N. To assume or claim as one's own unduly, proudly, or presumptuously.	154 107 210 172 145 181 196 113
O. The *Tarheel State*, U.S.A.	25 36 89 189 146 122 18 68 55 160 208 29 84
P. Members of one of the principal divisions of the Finns.	225 138 152 198 71 95 67 49 185
Q. Secretary of Labor in the Truman Cabinet.	167 186 222 38 90 100 179 209 125 16 10 82 31
R. Badly directed as regards *order or rule* (Comp.).	48 60 63 51 121 96 88 161 223 148 170 182
S. Notwithstanding; yet.	116 81 19 53 219 158 142 129 91 34 177 104
T. Those who, esp. in politics, take advantage of circumstances regardless of principles or results.	8 43 188 97 40 13 201 136 101 118 98 77
U. Makes flat or even (2 wds.).	11 183 33 117 64 69 143 35 102
V. Plays the bagpipe (Scot. and Eng. Dial.).	140 32 205 41 85 94 57
W. Wingless (Zool.).	203 61 168 15 93 78 217
X. The study of handwriting, esp. to find aptitudes, characteristics, etc.	47 213 62 80 149 99 202 176 26 65
Y. Radiant; spreading a flood of resplendent light.	150 7 133 144 206 137 59 46 119

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 C	2 I	3 J	4 K	5 B	6 M	7 Y	8 T	9 E	10 Q	11 U
12 A	13 T	14 J	15 W	16 Q	17 B	18 O	19 S	20 J	21 I	22 J	23 L	24 M	25 O	26 X	27 J	28 G
29 O	30 E	31 Q	32 V	33 U	34 S	35 U	36 O	37 H	38 Q	39 B	40 T	41 V	42 D	43 T	44 J	45 I
46 Y	47 X	48 R	49 P	50 E	51 R	52 H	53 S	54 G	55 O	56 D	57 V	58 D	59 Y	60 R	61 W	62 X
63 R	64 U	65 X	66 F	67 P	68 O	69 U	70 G	71 P	72 A	73 C	74 A	75 G	76 K	77 T	78 W	79 C
80 X	81 S	82 Q	83 G	84 O	85 V	86 K	87 B	88 R	89 O	90 Q	91 S	92 C	93 W	94 V	95 P	96 R
97 T	98 T	99 X	100 Q	101 T	102 U	103 I	104 S	105 A	106 I	107 N	108 B	109 I	110 F	111 D	112 L	113 N
114 M	115 C	116 S	117 U	118 T	119 Y	120 M	121 R	122 O	123 M	124 C	125 Q	126 E	127 B	128 K	129 S	130 H
131 I	132 A	133 Y	134 I	135 H	136 T	137 Y	138 P	139 A	140 V	141 D	142 S	143 U	144 Y	145 N	146 O	147 I
148 R	149 X	150 Y	151 C	152 P	153 E	154 N	155 G	156 F	157 D	158 S	159 C	160 O	161 R	162 K	163 H	164 M
165 I	166 L	167 Q	168 W	169 L	170 R	171 E	172 N	173 M	174 L	175 I	176 X	177 S	178 J	179 Q	180 L	181 N
182 R	183 U	184 M	185 P	186 Q	187 I	188 T	189 O	190 J	191 C	192 B	193 L	194 A	195 J	196 N	197 L	198 P
199 F	200 E	201 T	202 X	203 W	204 K	205 Y	206 Y	207 F	208 O	209 Q	210 N	211 G	212 H	213 X	214 B	215 C
216 K	217 W	218 D	219 S	220 A	221 I	222 Q	223 R	224 C	225 P	226 K	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for DECEMBER, 1947

IMPRESSIONS

THE BRITISH, who are our political cousins by common consent, are somewhat more distant relatives when the factor of relationship is the playing of popular music. The latest evidence in this genealogic inquiry is offered by the recordings of London, the popular equivalent of the FFRR classical catalogue, being introduced to us this month.

I remain a devoted admirer of Full Frequency Range Recording, even when Reginald Kell's clarinet is racing through a bad joke called "Swing Low Sweet Clarinet"; I find Beryl Davis's voice a liquid joy on "Don't You Know I Care?" and Gracie Fields has never sounded gracier than in the things she does among this first batch of discs. But I seriously doubt that the product, as currently offered, will cause Harry James to bury his trumpet, or make Spike Jones to run for cover.

For the fact is that the jazz fan, first, and the popular-music enthusiast, generally, are less interested in *how* a thing sounds than in *who* is doing it. That is—needless to say—why we have reissues by the hundreds of old discs which were poor recordings the day they were made, and have been best sellers ever since. That accounts, too, for the nostalgia factor in the success of revived Jolson, Cantor, Dietrich, Goodman, Armstrong, and Bix-Tram releases of the moment, to name merely a few of the latest.

London has imported as its director of recordings an American musician named Salvador Camarata—known to regulars at Charlie's Tavern as "Toots"—who undoubtedly knows what the score is, since he was responsible for many of the best of them made by Jimmy Dorsey, B. Goodman, and others in their days of greatness. But nothing of this is evident in the discs by Ambrose, Motovani, Harry Roy, etc. which have thus far come along.

Even more remarkably, the first discs that bear Camarata's own name —"The Haunted Ballroom" is one; "Come Back to Sorrento" and "Rumbabolero" are others—indicate that Camarata is now selling a line of goods full-fashioned after Kostelanetz. That may be one way to the heart of the British, but it is less than spectacular when it comes back to us, especially as this is the one type of popular performance which American manufacturers have always recorded well. The radio-derivation of such men as Kostelanetz, Morton Gould, David Rose, etc., has made them extremely mike-conscious, with evident results in their recordings.

What we would like to hear, *au naturel*, is the dry scrape of a guitar, the light swish of a high-hat cymbal, the sharp but blended sound of three muted trumpets as they pierce a reed ensemble of a typical big American band. Before that can happen, however, England will either have to produce one of the species or import enough of Camarata's former associates to supply the lack.

Till then we say welcome to *London* and may they flourish; but what isn't worth doing isn't worth doing as well as it has been done here.

IRVING KOLODIN
Editor, SRL RECORDINGS.

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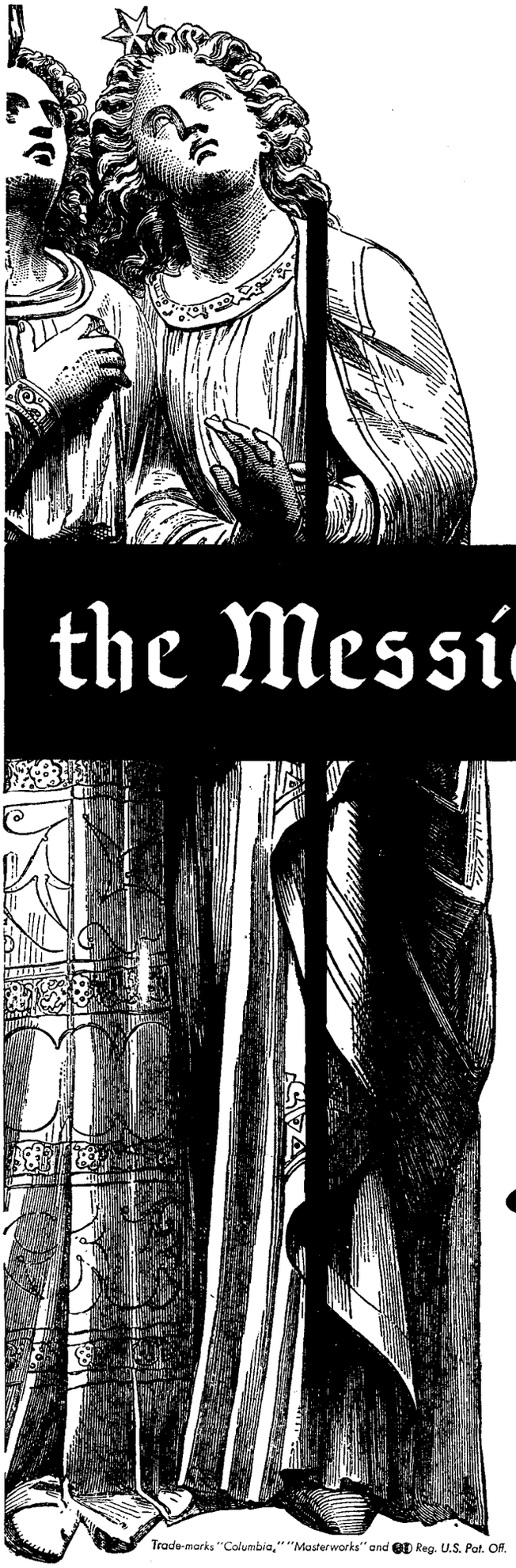

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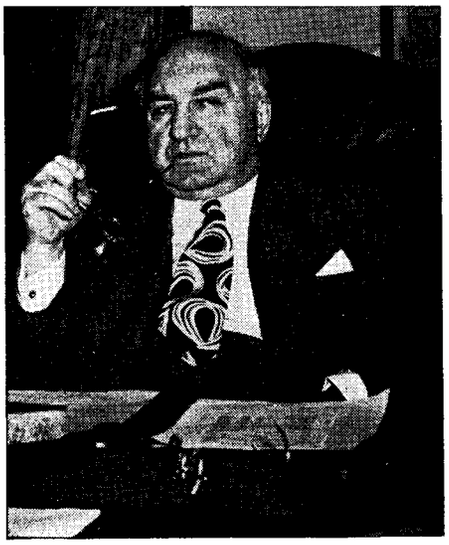
Dragon or St. George?

James Caesar Petrillo personifies St. George defending "h u m a n beings against the machine that would devour them . . .



. . . and the power that has come to a dragon able to deny our machines the human talent to fuel them."

THE THREAT of another walkout of musicians from recording studios—to be followed in due course by a prohibition of live music on the air—has returned the attention of the public once more to the former cornet player who now orders the working lives of 225,000 cardholders in the American Federation of Musicians. James Caesar Petrillo is no mere lay figure in the complex pattern of American civilization; he personifies the power that has come to the hand of a dragon able to deny our machines the human talent to fuel them; and he personifies the stanch St. George defending those human beings against the machine that would devour them.

To describe Petrillo as a former cornet player is not to indulge in the abusive practice of slight by implication. For him, as a practising musician, the horizon of a career was playing in a park band, a pit orchestra for a silent movie, a dance unit for a neighborhood tavern. Today he looks back to his youth with more than nostalgia. The past is reality, the present an unfortunate digression which must somehow be corrected. the "boys" he is trying so mightily to protect are the thirty per cent unemployed of his union who share, to greater or lesser degree, his own background. There, but for the grace of the A. F. of L. goes Petrillo, he might well say. When one interviews him the word "band" is often heard; and he uses it so that you feel he has in mind not a modern dance orchestra, but the parading trombonists, the vaudeville-house drummer, the beerhall fiddler. Parades still flourish; but in between there is the movie sound tract, the juke box, the "sweetest music this side of heaven" from the radio to make music a commodity rather than a creation.

To what extent, however, have mechanical devices actually constricted music's labor market? Plain figures are almost as difficult to obtain from the AFM as an audience with its president, but the following are illuminating. Today, the union has on its rolls the names of 225,000 members in the United States and Canada (where it also has jurisdiction). In 1920, when movies were silent, radio non-existent, and records no more than a household diversion, there were, by recent statement of an AFM official, no more than 50,000 members!

There were then, too, a degree of non-unionized musicians who are now plying their trade—or having it plyed by descendants—under union guidance. It was quite recently, of course, that the Boston Symphony Orchestra came into the union fold, and comparable instances could be cited in the field of popular music.

But if it may be assumed that the actual number of working musicians in 1920 was fifty per cent greater than those in the union, the growth is still remarkable. In terms of population, the 1920 figure was approximately one union musician to every 2,000 persons. At present, there is nearly one member for every 700 persons. This does not suggest that mechanical devices have reduced the ability of musicians to find employment, or diminished the willingness of the public to pay for live performance. There is evidence, indeed, from the increase of several hundred per cent in the number of symphony orchestras now functioning in this country (against a total of 1920) that the opportunities presented by records and the radio for familiarizing the public with music has made widespread what was once a gourmet's taste.

This employment trend, however, is what economists call a long-term concept. It doesn't reflect the shift in job opportunities from wide scattered areas to a few big cities (New York and Los Angeles total nearly a quarter of present AFM membership), nor does it deal with the specific case of a musician who loses his job because a radio station has added thirty hours of canned music a week to its schedule. The process of adaptation is a difficult one at best; and when the chorus of protest has a sympathetic listener whose earnings are derived from the sixteen-dollar-a-year dues-paying members, change is obviously to be resisted.

TO SEEK a means of ameliorating individual hardship caused by disruptive mechanical inventions is sound, progressive trade-union practice. Lacking any other course, it is precisely what Petrillo did in the twenty-seven month recording of 1942-44. It produced a settlement, based on a royalty per record of about three-quarters of a cent which was a hardship to no one, and a consolation for the musician in the local areas where unemployment is most prevalent.

Now, however, it is a stricture of the Taft-Hartley Act that such revenue is outlawed, since it is a payment for services not rendered. It must end when current contracts expire on December 31, and Petrillo has decreed no renewals. He has stipulated no conditions under which a renewal would be considered; and direct efforts of the *SRL* to have him present his case have brought no response.

There is the affiliated factor that contracts with the networks expire on January 31; and the correspondence of interest between several of the largest record makers—Columbia and Victor—with several of the largest

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networks—Columbia and NBC—have long made desirable a coincidence of contract period. Now the opportunity is in sight, and it is not to be ignored.

More directly, where radio uses records to fill its broadcast time, the AFM has a pertinent and defensible abuse to focus upon. At an estimate, sixty to ninety per cent of air time on independent stations is filled by the broadcasting of records. This not only deprives musicians of employment, but exploits the work of other musicians who have made the records "for home use only." Since the copyright law of 1909 does not grant secondary royalty rights to performers, no one but the station and the disc jockey profits from the huge sums spent every year on such broadcasting.

No one can prophesy what is required to satisfy a man with Petrillo's peculiar viewpoint, but it is obvious that there is an infection at work and something must be done to cure it. Our recommendations would be:

1. Amendment of the Taft-Hartley Bill to legalize payment to a welfare fund of a stipulated sum per record.
2. Legislation to restore the control of records made "for home use only" to those who manufacture them.
3. Recognition of a copyright in the effort of a recreative artist, as there is now for a creative effort.
4. A fee per play every time a record is used for secondary profit, as on a radio broadcast or in a juke box.

The above text and photos are by Bill Gottlieb, of The Washington Post.

I Discovered Jazz in America

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

JAZZ is like bananas—it must be consumed on the spot. God knows there are recordings in France, and some sad imitators. But all they do is give us an excuse to shed a few tears in pleasant company. Like everyone else, I really discovered jazz in America. Some countries have a national pastime and some do not. It is a national pastime when the audience insists on complete silence during the first half of the performance and then shouts and stamps during the second half. If you accept this definition, France has no national pastime, except perhaps auction sales. Nor has Italy, except stealing. There is watchful silence while the thief works (first half) and when he flees there is stamping and shouts of: Stop, thief (second half). Belgium has its cockfights, Germany vampirism, and Spain its *corridas*.

I learned in New York that jazz is a national pastime. In Paris, it is a vehicle for dancing, but this is a mistake: Americans don't dance to jazz; they have instead a special music, heard also at marriages and first communions, called: Music by Muzak. In apartments there is a tap. It is turned on and Muzak musics: flirtation, tears, dancing. The tap is turned off, and Muzak musics no longer: the lovers and communicants are put to bed.

At Nick's bar, in New York, the national pastime is presented. Which means that one sits in a smoke-filled hall among sailors, longshoremen, chippies, society women. Tables, booths. No one speaks. The sailors come in fours. With righteous hate, they watch the sharpies who sit in booths with their girls. The sailors would like to have girls, but they don't. They drink; they are tough; the girls are also tough; they drink, they say nothing. No one speaks, no one moves, the jazz holds forth. From ten o'clock to three in the morning the jazz holds forth. In France, the jazzmen are beautiful but dumb, in flowing shirts and silk ties. If you are too bored to listen, you can always watch them and take a lesson in elegance.

At Nick's bar, it is advisable not to look at them; they are as ugly as the musicians in a symphony orchestra. Bony faces, mustaches, business suits, starched collars (at least in the early part of the evening), no velvety looks, their muscles bunching up their sleeves.

They play. You listen. No one dreams. Chopin makes you dream, or André Claveau. But not the jazz at Nick's. It fascinates, you can't get your mind off it. No consolation whatsoever. If you are a cuckold, you depart a cuckold, without tenderness. No way to take the hand of the girl beside you, to make her understand with a wink that the music reflects what is in your heart. It is dry, violent, pitiless. Not gay, not sad, inhuman. The cruel screech of a bird of prey. The musicians start to give out, one after the other. First the trumpet player, then the pianist, then the trombonist. The bass player grinds it out. It does not speak of love, it does not comfort. It is hurried. Like the people who take the subway or eat at the Automat.

IT IS not the century-old chant of Negro slaves. Nor the sad little dream of Yankees crushed by the machine. Nothing of the sort: there

"The jazz at Nick's in New York is dry, pitiless, not gay, not sad, inhuman."

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is a fat man who blows his lungs out in the weaving motion of his trombone, there is a pianist without mercy, a bass player who tortures the strings without listening to the others. They are speaking to the best part of you, to the toughest, to the freest, to the part which wants neither melody nor refrain, but the deafening climax of the moment. They take hold of you, they do not lull you. Connecting rod, horizontal shaft, spinning top. They beat, they turn, they crash, the rhythm surges forward. If you are hard, young, and fresh, the rhythm grips you and shakes you. You bounce in your seat, faster and faster, and your girl with you, in a hell-like round.

The trombone sweats, you sweat, the trumpet sweats, you sweat more, and then you feel that something has happened on the bandstand; the musicians don't look the same: they speed ahead, they infect each other with this haste, they look mad, taut, they seem to be searching for something. Something like sexual pleasure. And you too begin to look for something. You begin to shout; you have to shout; the orchestra has become an immense spinning top: if you stop, the top stops and falls over. You shout, they shriek, they whistle, they are possessed, you are possessed, you cry out like a woman in childbirth. The trumpet player touches the pianist and transmits his obsession in a kind of Mesmerism. You go on shouting. The whole crowd shouts in time, you can't even hear the jazz, you watch some men on a bandstand sweating in time, you'd like to spin around, to howl at death, to slap the face of the girl next to you.

And then, suddenly, the jazz stops, the bull has received the sword thrust, the oldest of the fighting cocks is dead. It's all over. But you have drunk your whiskey, while shouting, without even knowing it. An impassive waiter has brought you another. For a moment, you are in a stupor, you shake yourself, you say to your girl: Not bad! She doesn't answer you, and it begins all over again. You will not make love tonight, you will not be sorry for yourself, you won't get really drunk, you won't even shed blood, and you will have undergone a fit of frenzy without issue, a convulsionary crescendo resembling a choleric and vain search for pleasure. You will leave a little worn out, a little drunk, but with a kind of dejected calm, like the aftermath of a great nervous exhaustion.

Jazz is the national pastime of the United States.

The foregoing article was translated from the French by Ralph de Toledano.

The Plight Before Christmas

THOMAS SUGRUE

THERE is nothing so lonely, so lost and unsure, as a child among Christmas shoppers, a child old enough to be out alone with money in his fist, but innocent of the difference between advertisement and reality, too young to have judgment or cunning in trade, equipped only with a deep, painful longing, a desire to find, within his means, beautiful things which will symbolize his affection for the people whose names are on his list—his mother, his father, his older sister, his younger brother, his favorite aunt, his teacher. As units break from the mass about him and dart for the things they want in the stuffy, sickeningly warm store, he stands quietly, his back tense, his mind fighting bewilderment. If only he can find just the right things, at just the right prices, and with a kind clerk behind the counter!

When I was young and went abroad in December to buy gifts, I never found the right things at the right prices, and the only kind clerk I knew worked at the apron counter. I always bought my mother an apron, a dainty party apron with lace on its perimeter, and she always liked it and wore it when she served fruit cake and elderberry wine to her friends. I cannot remember what I bought for my father, my sister, my brother, my aunt, my friends, and my teacher, except that always they were inappropriate things, and always they were inadequate to express my affection. But with the weapons I had they were all I could win from commerce and the clerks.

What deepens my regret for them is that now I know where to go for the right things, and it isn't even necessary that a kind clerk be on hand, or that cunning be employed to detect reality from the advertisement. The place is the record shop, the only trading post I know where the grownup hesitates, afraid of his own tastes and uncertain what prejudices he should embrace, while the child moves quickly and with poise, confident in his natural knowledge of what is beautiful, sure in his feeling for genuine talent and artistic performance. This year more than ever the record shop is a friendly environment for the child shopper; the recording companies during 1947 have made a special effort to please the younger audience, and they have at least partially succeeded. Sales figures will teach them their mistakes, and if they persist in *their* attempt to capture the young our children will be in for a deluge of treasures the like of which their parents dared not dream. A few days ago my daughter came home with an album entitled "Tales of the Olympian Gods," with Ronald Colman as narrator. How I wish I might have heard that when I was ten!

WHEN I was ten we made our own music. I played violin, my sister played piano. We heard records at the home of a neighbor, where Scotti and Melba and Caruso performed on a hand-cranked phonograph which impressed me as one of the minor achievements of the genius of Thomas Edison. There were no children's records. I had never heard a symphony orchestra or seen a great actor or been to a performance of Shakespeare. Dickens and Defoe were read to us by a maiden aunt who lived in our house; my sister and I played duets;

DOUBLING IN BRASS

Match the nicknames of famous trumpet players, on the left, with their given names on the right. Answers are on page 66.

Bix	Francis
Muggsy	Harry
Red	Bernard
Bunny	Charles
Cootie	Leon
Ziggy	Henry

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as the great holiday of the year approached I took our copy of "A Christmas Carol" into the attic and read it by myself. It was cold there, but no one could see me weeping for Tiny Tim. Our Christmas tree was lighted by candles, and we were our own carolers as we prepared for bed on Christmas Eve.

If now I were ten I would carry my portable phonograph to the attic and play the "Christmas Carol," with Ronald Colman as Scrooge, and I would weep not only for Tiny Tim, but for Scrooge himself, and I would tremble at the words of the Ghost of Christmas Future, for the sound of the English language in lovely patterns and rich tones shakes my spine and squeezes my tear ducts. Under our Christmas tree I would put, for my father, "Treasure Island," with Basil Rathbone as Long John Silver. My father loved the story and read it again and again; he would play the album until he knew it by heart.

For my mother, if I were ten, I would buy Christmas carols sung by Bing Crosby and a collection of "Square Dances." My mother liked a man around the house who could sing, and like all the women of her generation she *could* square dance and loved to do it. For my aunt I would purchase "Oliver Twist," with Basil Rathbone as Fagin, and she would shudder when she heard the despicable man speak. I would give to my sister two albums, "The Young People's Guide to the Orchestra," with Benjamin Britten's lovely score sensitively interpreted by Malcolm Sargeant, and the version of "The Man Without a Country" which features Bing Crosby. My small brother would get a lot of singles issued by the Young People's Record Club: "Penny Whistle," "The Sleepy Family," "Little Indian Drum," "Yankee Tars," "Going West," "Underground Train." and "Let's All Join In." I would also give him (assuming my imaginary budget had no limit) Gudrun Thorne-

(*Continued on page* 61)

Selected Gift List for Youngsters

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This compilation* of material for young people deals primarily with issues made specifically for such purpose. Practical experience demonstrates that grammar and high-school children are intensely fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, Kern, Rodgers, Gershwin, and many other kinds of light music.*

This survey, however, is designed to guide the readers through the hundreds of issues made as "children's records" with no set standards or patterns. *M. L. M.*

* See key on page 52.

Stories

BEAR THAT WASN'T, THE
Keenan Wynn. MGM 12*A*, $3.94 (*All ages*)
Thomas Sugrue said last month that "the bear, if he is around to hear it, will have one more reason for hibernation this winter."

CHICKEN LICKEN AND THE LITTLE RED HEN*
*Gloria Story. Mus. RR*8, $1.52 (2-5)

CHURKENDOOSE#
*Ray Bolger. Decca CU*103, $2.10 (3-7)
A story with a moral.

DAVID AND GOLIATH
*Victor Jory. Sig. C*2, $2.37 (7-14)
A pleasant presentation of the Biblical tale.

DOLL IN THE GRASS, THE, AND THE LAD AND THE NORTH WIND*#
From "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, narrated by the author. V Y356, $3.67 (5-9)
Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen weaves a spell of enchantment in the telling of her stories undisturbed by sound effects or background music.

500 HATS OF BATHOLOMEW CUBBINS, THE*#
Paul Wing. V Y339, $3.67 (5-7)
An entertaining story.

GENIE THE MAGIC RECORD*#
*Peter Lind Hayes. D CV*102, $2.10 (2-7)
A gay, imaginative record with lilting tunes and sound effects.

HAPPY PRINCE, THE*
*Bing Crosby and Orson Welles. D DA-*420, $2.89 (9 *and older*)
A dramatic narrative of Oscar Wilde's story which achieves real beauty.

'ERBERT'S 'APPY BIRTHDAY#
Roland Winters. V Y346, $3.67 (3-5)
Poor story material.

IN WHICH A HOUSE IS BUILT AT POOH CORNER FOR EYORE*#
Robert Shaw. V Y24, $3.67 (3-8)
A. A. Milne's enchanting story of a housing problem delightfully enacted by Robert Shaw.

IRVING, THE UNEMPLOYED HORSE
MGM L1A, $1.52 (4-7)
Neigh! Neigh!

KANKI AND THE CONCERTINA
*Col. MJ*39, $1.75 (4-7)
Lively but too long.

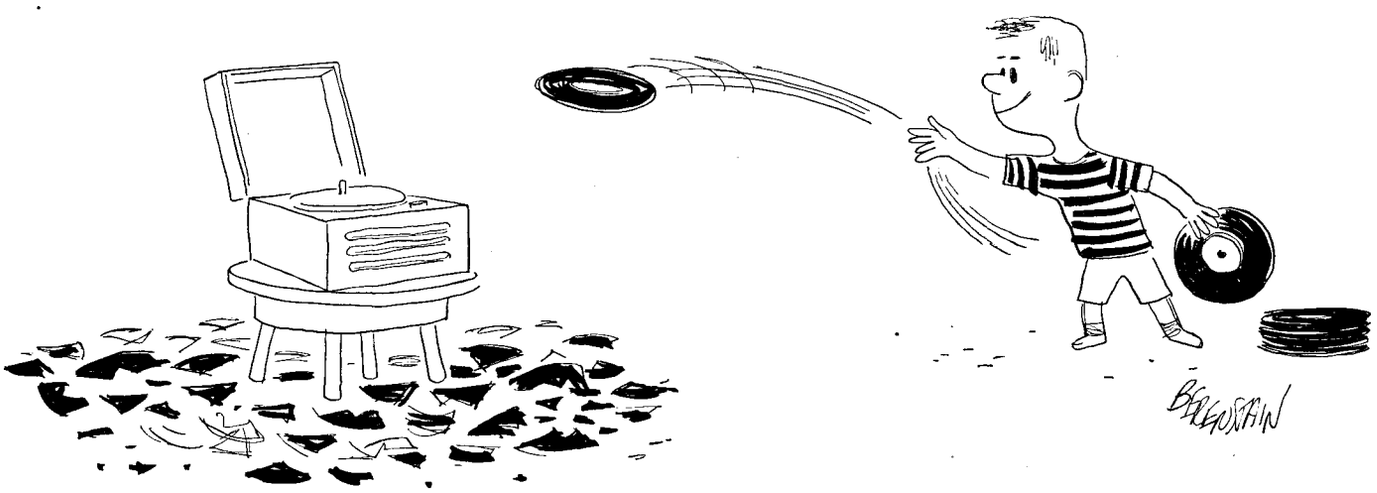
LAND OF THE LOST*
*Isabel Manning Hewson. Col. MJ*38, $3.00 (7-12)
From the popular story of the same name, told by the author.

LENTIL*#
Eddy Manson, harmonica; Norman Rose, narrator. YPR 309-10, $1.57 (2-7)
An amusing story of a boy who learns to play the harmonica.

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO*#
Paul Wing with Henri Rene and his orchestra. V Y333, $3.67 (4-7)

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO'S JUNGLE BAND*#
Paul Wing. V Y334, $3.67 (5-9)

(*Continued on page* 52)



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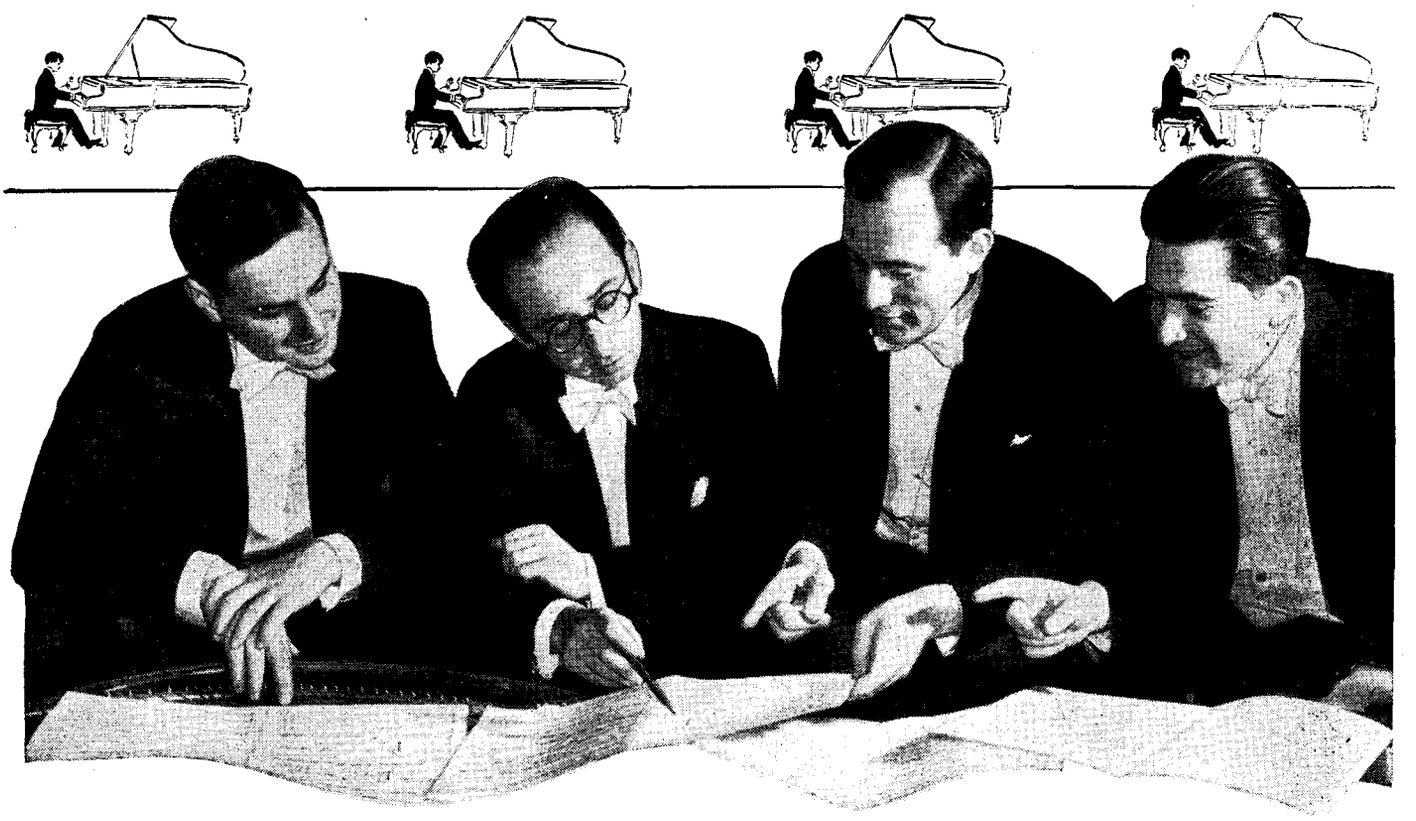

A UNIQUE TEAM! A UNIQUE ARRANGEMENT! A UNIQUE RECORDING!

The First Piano Quartet

Playing their famous theme song, VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY PAGANINI, in A Minor

PAGANINI, though a virtuoso of the violin, bequeathed the world a wealth of music whose intricated phrasing has presented an interesting challenge to all virtuoso performers, no matter what their instrument.

The First Piano Quartet, well-known radio, concert and recording artists have composed their own *Variations on a Theme by Paganini* and by performing it on four pianos have created a unique musical masterpiece. It is now brought to you on an RCA Victor *Red Seal* record along with *Three Etudes, (Op. 25)* by Chopin. Record 46-0010, $1.00.

Other brilliant new RCA Victor recordings by this popular team:

LISZT—Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Spectacular new eight-hand arrangement. Record 46-0011, $1.00.

CHOPIN—Polonaise in A-flat, Op. 53. Brings a new perspective to this favorite piano solo. Record 46-0005, $1.00.

Soon to be released: THE MUSIC OF ERNEST LECUONA as arranged by the First Piano Quartet. Will include *Malagueña, Danza Negra and Danza Lucumi, Andalucia, Aragonesa, Danza de las Nanigas, La Comparsa.* RCA Victor Album C-41, $4.00.

(Suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.)

The world's greatest artists are on

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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Key to Symbols in Childrens Recordings

* Recommended
# Unbreakable records

( ) Age groups
Record Companies:

A—Apollo Cap.—Capitol
CHS—Concert Hall Society
Clas.—Classic Col.—Columbia
D—Decca DISC Merc.—Mercury
MGM Mus.—Musicraft
Sig.—Signature V—Victor VOX
YPR—Young People's Record Club

LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD, THE*#
Paul Wing. V Y341, $3.67 (4-7)
An ever-popular dramatization of the well-known book.

LITTLE FIREMAN, THE*#
Story by Margaret Wise Brown; narration by Martin Wolfson. YPR 615-6, $1.57 (2-9)
An exciting description of a fireman's day.

LITTLE INDIAN DRUM*#
Music by Alex North; narration by David Brooks. YPR 619-20, $1.57 (2-7)
Interesting story well developed; stimulating rhythmic activity.

OLIVER TWIST AND FAGIN, THE ADVENTURES OF*
Basil Rathbone. Col. MM $4.60 (9 *and older*)
B. R. at his best for thrills and chills.

ONE STRING FIDDLE#
Paul Wing. V Y340, $3.67 (7-9)
Stimulating story.

PAUL BUNYAN
*Victor Jory. Sig. C*3, $2.37 (7-14)
Mendi Brown's legendary story has real dramatic interest.

PETER CHURCHMOUSE*#
Paul Wing with Henri Rene and his orchestra. V Y329, $3.67 (5-7)
A musical adaptation of the popular book.

PIED PIPER OF HAMLIN, THE
*Gene Kelly. Col. MJ*34, $1.75 (4-7)
A thumbnail version of Robert Browning's classic poem.
*Ingrid Bergman with Victor Young and his orchestra. D DA*450. $2.89 (5-14)*
The versatility of Miss Bergman enables her to play all parts ably in this splendid narration.
Alec Templeton with Russ Case and his orchestra. V Y360, $2.89 (7 *and up*)*#
Mr. Templeton is composer, pianist, and narrator; his versatility and sense of make-believe will appeal to all children.

SHEEP AND PIG WHO SET UP HOUSEKEEPING, THE*#
V Y18, $1.57 (5-7)
Interesting story narrated by the author, Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen.

SMALL ONE, THE*
*Bing Crosby. D DA*553, $2.89 (5-12)
A touching Christmas story made popular by Kate Smith. As story teller for children Bing shows an understanding of his audience which perhaps only a father of five could achieve.

SNOW GOOSE, THE
*Herbert Marshall and Joan Lorring. D DA*386, $4.04 (12 *and older*)
This will prove interesting to lovers of the Paul Gallico story.

THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF, THE
*Margaret O'Brien. Cap. CC*21, $3.15 (3-7)*
(Also in album: The Town Musicians)
Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. V Y19, $1.57 (4-7)*#
Thorne-Thomsen's superb diction, the quality and sincerity of her personality are preferable; however the O'Brien album will appeal to the little star's fans.

TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES, THE*#
Jack Smart and cast with Russ Case and his orchestra. V Y330, $4.98 (5-9)
This popular story is well told and set to melodic music.

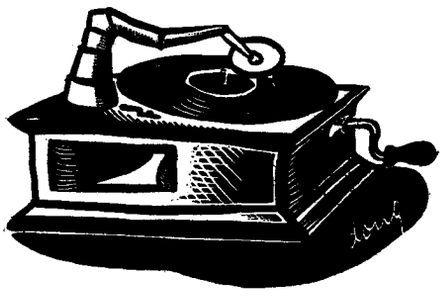
UNCLE REMUS, TALES OF
*Sterling Holloway. D DA*521, $3.15 (5-9)
*Johnny Mercer, Pied Piper and cast from Walt Disney's "Song of the South." Cap. CC*40, $3.15 (5-9)*
Both versions of these stories are very popular.

UNDERGROUND TRAIN*#
Kenneth Spencer. YPR 403 (7-14) (Members)
A series of Negro spirituals beautifully sung with an accompanying story.

WHITE EASTER RABBIT#
S. M. Merc. $2.10 (4-7)
Highly entertaining.

Music Appreciation

HAYDN'S TOY SYMPHONY*#
Conducted by Max Goberman. Y.P.R. 1001, $1.57 (7-12)



Good music on a child's level, well recorded

MOZART'S COUNTRY DANCES*#
Conducted by Max Goberman Y.P.R. 313-14 *and* 319-20, $1.57 *each* (7-9)
Children will enjoy both listening to and participating in this music.

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN, PROKOFIEFF*#
Played by Ray Lev. C.H.S. AC $4.73, (7-12)
A gloomy selection of Prokofieff's music, soundly played by Ray Lev.

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS, LIADOFF*#
Conducted by Max Goberman. Y.P.R. 405, $1.57 (5-9)
Well recorded orchestral version of these gay songs.

SUMMER DAY, A, PROKOFIEFF*#
Conducted by Max Goberman, Y.P.R. 1003, $1.57 (5-7)
A pleasant experience with good music.

YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA*
*Benjamin Britten, C-MM*703, $4.60 (10 *and older*) *Conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.*
The Liverpool Symphony gives a fine performance under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent of Benjamin Britten's witty, challenging music. Heartily recommended for the entire family.

Opera and Ballet Music

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP
*Milton Cross with musical background, Mus.*87, $2.37 (5-7)
The story of Aladdin unaided by a gauche treatment of the Scheherazade. Musically inadequate.

HANSEL AND GRETEL, HUMPERDINCK
*Metropolitan Opera Production, Risë Stevens, Nadine Connor, and cast. CR. MOP*26 $17.70 2 *Vol.**
Junior Programs Opera Co. V, $6.30 (7-14)#
*Earl Rogers Mu.RR*3, $1.52 (5-8)
The Columbia version is the full opera, in English; an addition to any record library. The others are condensations, musically inferior.

NUTCRACKER SUITE, TCHAIKOVSKY
*Mus.M*74, $3.94 (5-9)
Tchaikovsky's music is used as background; there is too much narration.

NUTCRACKER AND KING MOUSE, THE TCHAIKOVSKY*#
Simmel-Meservey, $2.25
A successful attempt to bring Tchaikovsky's music to a young child. Well recorded.

OLYMPIA, THE, MECHANICAL DOLL, FROM TALES OF HOFFMAN
*Young Peoples Opera House, Clas. YPOH*3, $3.05 (5-9)
Music of the opera presented on a very low level.

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SORCERER'S APPRENTICE, DUKAS
*Mu.M.*71, $2.37
This time Dukas music is merely used for a background to tell a story.

Christmas Music

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A, Dickens
Ronald Colman D.D.A 290 $3.85*
Lionel Barrymore MGM 16 *A*, $3.94*
Both dramatizations are excellent. The preference is a matter of personal taste between the gentle portrayal of Scrooge by Ronald Colman and Lionel Barrymore's forcefulness.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF MANY LANDS
*Vienna Choir Boys C.*32, $4
Carols of various countries sung in the native tongue. An unusual, very lovely collection highly recommended.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS*
*Victor Chorale V.M*1077, $5.25

CHRISTMAS GIFT
John Nesbitt. D. A. 357, $2.37

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND JINGLE BELLS FANTASY*#
Milton Cross V. Y9, $1.57 (2-5)
Favorites which are well done for the small fry.

NIGHT BEFORE XMAS
Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians. D. A 480, $3.94

RUDOLPH, THE RED NOSED REINDEER (3-7)*
*Paul Wing with music by Paul Kleinsinger V.*Y353, $3.67

THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY (10 *and older*) *Walter Hampden, Major* 2
A moving performance by Hampden and the cast of a well-projected story of the Birth of Christ.

Music Appreciation (with Narrator)

PAN THE PIPER*#
Paul Wing with Russ Case and Orch. V Y331, $4.99 (9-14)
This holds its indisputable place in the children's record library. As told by Paul Wing with delightful music by George Kleinsinger, the little reed who grows into an orchestra will make many friends.

PEE-WEE THE PICCOLO*#
Paul Wing with Russ Case and Orch. V Y344, $3.67
This continues as a favorite.

PENNY WHISTLE*#
Norman Rose. Y.P.R. 609-10, $1.57 (2-7)
A stimulation for creative minds.

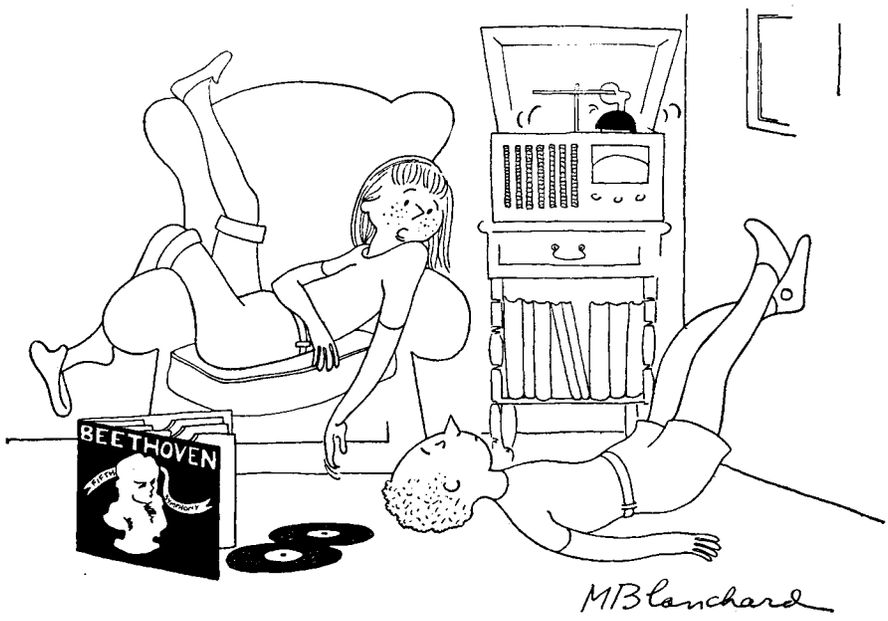
PETER AND THE WOLF, PROKOFIEFF*
*Conducted by Serge Koussevitzky; narrated by Richard Hale. V DM*566, $4.20 (*all ages*)*
Conducted by Leopold Stokowski; narrated by Basil Rathbone. CMM 477, $4.60 (*all ages*)
Sterling Holloway, narrator. V Y345, $4.99 (5-9)
*Conducted by Alexander Smallens; narrated by Frank Luther. DA*130, $4.04 (*all ages*)

The superiority of the performance of Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony is continuing, even though the narration of Frank Luther may be preferred to Richard Hale by some. In the Victor attempt to modify the story for a younger age group, the orchestra is so bad that the essence of the music is lost.

RUSTY IN ORCHESTRAVILLE*
*Cap. BC*35, $2.68 (5-9)
Very popular for youngsters who like their music appreciation in story form.

STORY OF CELESTE
Victor Jory. Sig. C-1, $2.37 (6-14)
Pleasant indoctrination to music played by the Celeste.

TUBBY THE TUBA
*Danny Kaye. Decca CU*106 $2.10 (3-7)
Danny Kaye's debut on children's records, and a happy event. Children will take his magnetic performance to their hearts.



"I don't feel anything yet, do you?"

Songs

BURL IVES*
*D A*431, $3.94 (7 *and older*)
Melodic folk songs sung in the well-known Burl Ives style.

COWBOY SONGS AND NEGRO SPIRITUALS*
*Carl Sandburg, D A*356, $5.25 (7 *and older*)
Excellent selection and rightfully popular.

FRENCH FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN*
*Louis Chartier. DA*4 *and A*24, $3.15 $3.15 (*for all ages*)
The songs are sung in French by Louis Chartier. There are familiar French tunes for all ages. Well worth owning.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN VELD*
*Joseph Marais and Miranda. D A*471 $5.51 (7 *and older*)
Rhythmic songs with the atmosphere of the Veld. Very well sung.

Musical Biography

FREDERIC CHOPIN, HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC
Conducted by Max Goberman, narrated by Arnold Moss. Vox 252, $3.93 (6-14)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC
Vox 255, $3.93 (6-14)
This continues the Music Master Series of lives of the great composers. A presentation merely flavored with the wonderful music is simply not satisfying.

Educational

RECORD LIBRARY FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS
Direction of Lila Belle Pitts and Gladys Tipton. V 21 *albums,* $98.75, *sep.* $4.75
Consists of a basic rhythm, singing and listening program. Although the material is not broad enough in scope, the collection will be useful in the classroom.

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Reviews of the Month

Dissimilar twins predominate among the blessed events of the phonographic month: two works of Chopin, Beethoven, Franck, and Ravel—Tchaikovsky, too, for those who care—no pair from the same company. Otherwise there is a Bach cantata and Rachmaninoff's second symphony, the full score of "Gaite Parisienne," and a new version of the "Christmas Music" for "Messiah" from the mating of mothers and masters.

Horowitz Untempestuous

CHOPIN: *Ballade in G minor, and F sharp minor Nocturne (also* LISZT *Au Bord d'une Source and Rhapsody No. 6.) Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* (Victor album 1165, $4.05). *Sonata in B flat minor. Robert Casadeseus, piano.* (Columbia album 698, $4.60.)

Like the best tunes of all which have moved in and out of a certain hall, the best single records are now to be found in albums. I have no brief for the merchandising policy which compels the consumer to buy two records of average quality to obtain one of exceptional quality, but I am bound to report that this G minor "Ballade" is a fabulous piece of music making.

It reflects, for the most part, a Horowitz untempestuous, uncyclonic; a novelty in itself. It reflects, too, the kind of warming, resonant piano tone he can produce in such music; and it reproduces it with a fidelity not found — to my knowledge — in any other American recordings of the instrument. Since this "Ballade" is one of the most difficult to play with expressive conviction, the credit must go equally to Horowitz, for a remarkable exposition, and to the technicians, for a superior engraving of it. Perhaps if one ballade appears in each Horowitz album for the next two years, the four will eventually be offered as a unit. The "Nocturne" (opus 15, No. 2) is also warmly, tolerantly played; the two Liszt excerpts with the courtesy due them.

If Casadeseus is no such blooded Chopin interpreter as Horowitz, he is unquestionably a musician of appropriate sensitivity and relevant intelligence. Since the Rachmaninoff interpretation is but a memory and the Kilenyi (also for Columbia) something of a travesty, the Casadeseus has competition only from the Rubinstein issue. It is not as robust a performance, but it is sound, sober, and musicianly. The recording is satisfactory, if hardly spectacular.

FRANCK: *Variations Symphonique, played by Eileen Joyce, piano, and the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, Charles Münch conducting.* (English Decca album 35, $5.25). *Sonata in A, with Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadeseus, piano.* (Columbia album 717, $5.85).

As an old-time admirer of Miss Joyce—who has yet to make a physical appearance in this country—I should like to indulge in a less inhibited cap-tossing than my reactions permit. Her playing is fine-grained and illusive, but subordinate to a conception by Münch which may be entirely authentic, though at variance to the customary, non-Gallic estimate of this work. Exuberance is rarely heard, rather a kind of intellectual jocosity which seems to note the jokes in the piece, but not to wink at them. In sum, however, it is easily the finest reproduction of the work now available, though not so zestful an experience as the old Gieseking. FFRR is certainly a difficult lure to resist.

One could also cite old standards of comparison for this Franck sonata —the legendary Thibaud and Cortot, the later Heifetz and Rubinstein (or Mass and Dubois, Spalding and Benoist, if one is an antiquarian). But the human factors here are sufficiently close to the level of the old ones for the mechanical ones to count for infinitely more. There is perhaps not so complete an immersion in the spirit of the music as Thibaud and Cortot experienced, but the practised art of Francescatti and the subtle hand of Casadeseus draw an irresistibly life-sized image of Franck. The reproduction is deep-toned (pianistically), incisive (violinistically).

— — , (?) ; !

RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 2, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Orchestra.* Victor album 1148, $7.20.

A verbal expression of the style in which Rachmaninoff wrote this work might be graphed as follows : — —, (?); ! There is always another thought to modify the *better* preceding one, a qualifying pendant to something conclusive. But those who respond to the idiom of Rachmaninoff—a group to which this writer pledges allegiance—will find the soaring moments of this score impressively phrased by Mitropoulos. It is his first major enterprise for Victor (excluding the Tchaikovsky accompaniment for Rubinstein noted last month), and so far as he is personally concerned, a triumphant one. The texture is

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beautifully qualified, the thought not over-valued. Perhaps RCA will one day give us a "Heart of the Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 2." Noting the mushy sound of the orchestra one recalls that Columbia, too, had its problems in making plausible recordings in Northrop Auditorium.

Throttled and Unthrottled

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3. "Eroica." Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra* (Victor album 1161, $7.20, or Vinylite V-8, $13.50). *Symphony No. 4. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.* (Columbia album 705, $5.85).

A new Koussevitzky "Eroica" is about as urgent a requirement as a new Toscanini "Blue Danube" waltz. As in the earlier recording made abroad, Koussevitzky begins the "Eroica" with impressive dispatch and celerity, throttle open, headed at headlong speed for the ultimate destination. Suddenly, however, the second subject appears, and the train of thought becomes a local, noting each little gradation of expression as a hill to be surmounted. Oddly enough, this does not add to its "expressivity." The "Marche Funèbre" is delivered as a eulogy rather than an oration, which is applaudable; and the orchestral playing throughout is, in a word, peerless. However, the ethical implications of the finale are missed, and the several poorly-chosen breaks, the reverberation behind the sound, are no endearing factors.

Szell's No. 4 is clean, crisp, and continent—adjectives of praise were there not better values in the older versions of Toscanini and Weingartner. One hears more of the conductor's conception here than in the older works; but in them, one prefers what can be heard. Since the recent Beecham (Victor) was over-stressed and unsettled, the situation remains at status quo, as regards an improved recording. There is good range in this sound, also fuzziness of texture, and some uncertainties of performance by the solo woodwinds. Szell is specially deficient in the adagio, which asks the tightest kind of control of the orchestra, which he does not achieve.

IRVING KOLODIN.

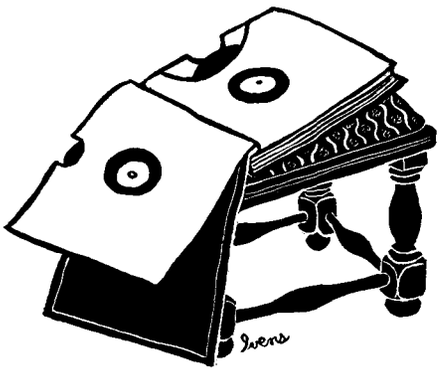
Answers to quiz on page 48

Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke.
Francis (Muggsy) Spanier.
Henry (Red) Allen.
Bernard (Bunny) Berigan.
Charles (Cootie) Williams.
Harry (Ziggie) Elman (Elmendorf).

Problem-Child

MAHLER: *Symphony in C sharp minor (No. 5). Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 718, $10.85).

Dazzling orchestral clarity and a spirit of high jubilation are the most striking musical and emotional indices of Mahler's extremely polyphonic "Fifth Symphony," just released by Columbia in this superb recording under Bruno Walter. Listeners acquainted with his earlier symphonies (the "First," "Second," "Fourth," and "Ninth" have been published in fine



recordings in this country) may wonder how so sudden and apparently total an upheaval in the composer's human and artistic make-up came about. The explanation of the amazing transparency of the massive orchestration is simple. Fifth in number, the work is, from the viewpoint of orchestral idiom, in fact Mahler's last symphony. The following note dated 1911, written shortly before his death, proves that he brought to the scoring of this "problem-child" of his fantasy, all the technical skill and maturity of artistic judgment he had gathered throughout a busy life's vast symphonic labors.

> The "Fifth" is finished. I have been compelled to reorchestrate it completely. I cannot understand how I could have at that time (1902) written so much like a beginner. Clearly the routine I had acquired in the first four symphonies failed me altogether, as if the new message called for a new technique.

Spiritually, the "Fifth" seems only at first a revolutionary Mahler expression. Repeated hearings reveal it to be a closely related sequel to the earlier symphonies—a comparatively gigantic follower, to be sure, but nevertheless a symphony undeniably of the same basic emotional, as well as musical, fibre. The "Fifth" employs no themes transplanted entire from Mahler songs, as do the earlier symphonies. Its method of melodic generation is more elemental. Its principal themes arise out of subtle paraphrases of melodic fragments, dominant motives, borrowed from the Rueckert songs composed by Mahler before the "Fifth."

Structurally, the first movement, the Scherzo, and the stupendous rondo-finale are magnified re-creations of the corresponding sections in the preceding symphonies. Beside this frankly joyous scherzo, which might be called the symphonic apotheosis of the Viennese waltz, the earlier scherzos seem almost miniatures, parodies of joy, qualified by frequent touches of bitter, spiteful irony. Like the "Second," the "Fifth" begins with a funeral march. In the former the entire movement is swayed by the tragic drama of the "Death Celebration." In the "Fifth," however, the funeral march is in the main a serene song of sorrowful resignation, as brief as a prologue, uncomplicated by symphonic development. Culminating in a song based on a phrase borrowed from one of the "Kindertotenlieder," where it is significantly set to the words "Freudenlicht der Welt" ("joyful light of the world"), it suggests the happy goal to which the work aspires.

The adagietto separates the scherzo and rondo-finale like an exquisite elfin spirit between giant elemental forces. It is a reverie of loneliness, of world-abandonment. Significantly, its yearning first melody is an unmistakable paraphrase of the famous Mahler-Rueckert song "Ich Bin der Welt Abhanden Gekommen" ("I am become a recluse from the world"). The two possess undeniable kinship of content. Strings and harp are the only instruments used in the Adagietto.

Just as Beethoven, in the finale of the "Eroica," had transformed the normally disjointed variation-form into a mighty framework suited to the weightiest revelations, so Mahler, in this rondo-finale, evolved a mighty integral structure, equal to the fullest symphonic formulation of spiritual triumph. From the chief motivating elements of the preceding movements he constructs two vitally rhythmic themes, not for a mere rondo, but for a rondo-like structure into which he builds a masterful double-fugue on those themes, crowning the whole with a magnificent chorale.

As for the musician who was at once the heart and mind behind this splendid first recording of Mahler's great "Fifth Symphony," Bruno Walter has performed a true labor of love. For him this means more than just another recording. It is his supreme tribute to the loftiest manifestation of his revered master's genius.

GABRIEL ENGEL.

Gabriel Engel, secretary of the Bruckner Society, is author of standard works on Mahler and Bruckner.

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Recordings *Reports on Classical Releases*

See page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Cantata No. 140" ("Wachet auf"). The RCA-Victor Chorale conducted by Robert Shaw. Victor album 1162, $3.95	Shaw accomplishes admirably what he sets out to do here, but the phrasing is a little angular for my taste, the vocalists not up to the remarkable standards of the instrumental soloists, such as Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Robert Bloom, oboe. Fine reproduction.
Boito: "Mefistofele" ("L'Altra notte in fondo al mare"). Licia Albanese, soprano, with orchestra directed by Frieder Weissman. Victor 11-9848, $1.05	Dramatic singing of taut, emotional music in the Verdi tradition. Albanese has harder going in Nedda's "Ballatella" from "Pagliacci," which shrills a bit. Accompaniment but fair.
Borodin: "Prince Igor" ("Dances"). Gregor Fitelberg conducting the London Philharmonic. EDA album 34, $5.25	Clean, crisp sound, fine round orchestral tone. Fitelberg's "Polovetzians" are tamer than Beecham's and the lack of chorus is another remove from authenticity. Not recommended.
Debussy: Two "Arabesques," various "Preludes." Oscar Levant, piano. Columbia album 770, $5.85	Some pretty playing in the "Arabesques," but also a lack of tight control elsewhere of phrasing and rhythm. "General Lavine" could be sharper defined, "La Cathédrale engloutie" more impressive tonally. Good recording.
Filtz: Symphony in E flat. Boyd Neel and his String Orchestra. EDA-K1680, $2.10	An authentic novelty of the eighteenth century, crisp, businesslike, lyrical. Expertly projected by Neel and his fine string group, bolstered by the suavest kind of string recording.
Handel: "Messiah" ("Christmas Music") Leopold Stokowski and an unidentified orchestra. V-11-9837, $1	An old Stokowski enthusiasm, better reproduced than ever before and with more of the original feeling preserved than is customary in Stokowski remakes. Its partner is the "Russian Christmas Music," also superb.
Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic. Victor album 1163, $3.15	An older recording than its current release suggests, and afflicted with a sharper, edgier sound than English recording of recent date. Moreover, Beecham has a weighty hand on this score, with a tempo of almost impertinent leisure in the rondo. It may be right, but it is too radical a conservatism.
Offenbach: "Gaite Parisienne." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor album 1147, $5.10	The complete score, which may seem an advantage over Columbia's excerpts; but the latter has most of the meat in this potpourri, the former adding merely the binding vegetables and gravy. Moreover, one does not feel that Fiedler visualizes Massine, Danilova, Platoff and the rest as he conducts, which is a bar to illusion. Brilliant recording, and a little blatant too.
Ravel: "Bolero." Charles Münch and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. EDA-album 33, $5.25	This, unquestionably, is the "mostest" of the "Bolero" on discs, each variant sharply defined, the total of sound overwhelming but not unbearable. Also it respects the tempo preferred by Ravel, using four sides. However, I have heard others with more dynamic drive, including—save the mark!—the recent Columbia of Kostelanetz.
Tchaikovsky: "Nutcracker Suite No. 1." Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. Columbia album 714, $4.60	A modern-design, streamlined "Nutcracker," this one, intended to utilize modern machine-tooling for its effect. In other words, a smallish orchestra made to sound like a large one; but without the force or dexterity of the original.
Tchaikovsky: "Nutcracker Suite No. 2." Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor album 1164, $3.15	An excellent choice, since little of this portion of the ballet score has a recorded history. The titles include the "Winter Scene," "Waltz of the Snow Flakes," a "Pas de Deux," etc.; similar in method, if not equal in charm to the first suite. Solid, luminous recording, among the best ever by the "Pops."
Tchaikovsky: Songs. Irra Petina, mezzo, with orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl. Columbia album 712, $4.60	So far as present evidence may be trusted—title translations from the Russian are notably unreliable—"At the Ball," "None But the Lonely Heart," and Lisa's aria from "Pique Dame" are the items here which have been previously available. Others include: "The Dawn of Spring," "In This Moonlight," "Does the Day Reign," and "I Do Not Doubt," all sung by Petina with lovely vocal quality, and an emotion that is well controlled, but never insufficient. Some objection may be made to the orchestrations of Hershy Kay, but Tchaikovsky arranged some songs himself, and the adaptor has followed the model closely. The recording is compressed in range.
Thomas: "Raymond" overture. George Weldon and the City of Birmingham Orchestra. Columbia No. 72374, $1.25	Big, boomy recording, lively, zestful performance. Dinner music at its greatest din.
Vaughan Williams: "Greensleeves" fantasy. Boyd Neel and his String Orchestra, EDA-K1216, $2.10	Charming music, deftly played. Overside is Grainger's "Handel in the Strand," clogged to a clogger's taste. Well-sounding reproduction.
Verdi: "Trovatore" ("D'Amor sull 'all rosee"). Zinka Milanov, soprano. Victor No. 11-9839, $1	Included here are some of the most gorgeous phrases uttered by a soprano since Rosa Ponselle; and a few disheartening gasps that a student wouldn't claim. The best and worst of Milanov are on this disk, with a preponderance of the former. Overside is a previously issued "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida." The recording of the voice is admirable indeed.
Wagner: "Tristan and Isolde" ("Love Duet"). Helen Traubel, soprano, Torsten Ralf, tenor, and Hertha Glaz, mezzo, with Fritz Busch conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Columbia album X-286, $3.35	Excellent Traubel, indifferent Ralf are the ear-catching elements here. The soprano's big, luscious voice is not only acoustically but also mechanically disproportionate to her partner's. Glaz does the music of Brangaene capably. The last-side "Elizabeth's Prayer" from "Tannhäuser" is an all-round better performance. The Flagstad-Melchior (and, alas! MacArthur) "Love Duet" is still preferable. I. K.

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"The Records I'd Give"

As Chosen by the Critics

IN AN EFFORT to determine whether record critics are really human—to the extent at least of giving Christmas gifts — RECORDINGS recently polled the principal ones of the country on the records they'd give. The results were affirmative, as the following responses will suggest.

Howard Taubman, of *The New York Times,* chose the Columbia collection of Handel's "Concerti Grossi," Robert Shaw's performance of the Bach "B Minor Mass" for Victor, and the Columbia recording of the Beethoven violin concerto, with Joseph Szigeti and Bruno Walter. Among popular albums his preferences were the "Bix and Tram" album, Benny Goodman's "Let's Dance," with a subscription to the Young People's Record Club his nomination among children's records, and the Concert Hall Society for miscellaneous. **Reed Hynds** of the *St. Louis Star-Times* agrees with Mr. Taubman on two choices: the "Bix and Tram" album and the "B Minor Mass." Among single records he preferred Marian Anderson's "Hold On!" For gift-giving, in the children's category, "Tubby the Tuba" and in the dramatic field, Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" for Victor.

Friends of **John Rosenfeld,** critic for the *Dallas News* may anticipate a worth-while Christmas. He disdains nomination of single records, noting, "I make handsomer gifts." Among the purely theoretical ones he has chosen are the Bartók Violin Concerto by Menuhin which (some may think relevantly) is played by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati conducting; "Annie Get Your Gun" (Decca) and the same "Henry V" noted above by Mr. Hynds. Another admirer of "Henry V" is **Cyrus Durgin** of the Boston *Globe.* There is also a local flavor to his other choices, for one is Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet" ballet music, of which the best recording is by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and another, in the single record category, is Ravel's "Pavanne for a Dead Infanta" tread in stately measure for RCA by Koussevitzky and a certain ensemble. "Finian's Rainbow" is the Durgin selection for a popular album (Columbia) and "Robin Hood" or "Treasure Island" for the young element.

On the West Coast, the Young People's Record Club also has an adherent in **Alfred Frankenstein** of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* who recommends their "Lentil" for the kiddies. For older giving, he prescribes the Symphony No. 3 of Roy Harris, Burl Ives on Columbia or Musicraft, and for a single record, the prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovantschina," performers unspecified.

An enterprising giver is **Claudia Cassidy** of the Chicago *Tribune.* She will settle for the "Goldberg Variations" of Bach, as played by Wanda Landowska (RCA), but specifies as her popular choice "the cream of Burl Ives, if I could skim it" and for a single record "Dorothy Maynor's 'Depuis le Jour' if I could put Edith Mason's (never released) on the other side." This would give Miss Cassidy's receiver two days from "Louise" instead of one, but, apparently, she is that generous. "The House at Pooh Corner" narrated by Robert Shaw is her choice in children's records.

English Decca has a partisan in **Jerome Bohm** of the *New York Herald Tribune,* who selects Ada Aslop singing "Care Selve" as his preferred single record; and also in **Harvey Taylor** of the Detroit *Times,* who estimates the FFRR "Petrouchka" as the thing a friend would most like to play on Christmas morning. Mr. Bohm's other choice is—for a classical album —the duet from act II of "Parsifal" sung by Flagstad and Melchior. Mr. Taylor is also a Wagner fan, admiring Toscanini's "Meistersinger" prelude —who could deny its appeal?—plus the last "Duke" Ellington album for popular presentation, Licia Albanese "singing any Puccini aria" for another single classical disc and Danny Kaye's "Tubby the Tuba" in children's recordings.

One sour note was contributed by **Irving Kolodin,** of *The New York Sun,* who observed that compiling lists was an editor's cheapest way of filling space. However, from a source close to him we learned that he regards the Toscanini album of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" (RCA) as the most flattering thing one could give to a musical friend; the "Raymond" overture by the City of Birmingham orchestra (Columbia) as the most enjoyable single disk; the "Lady Be Good" of Ella Fitzgerald (Decca) as a choice popular item, and the artful Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen storytelling as tops for young people.

THE EDITOR.

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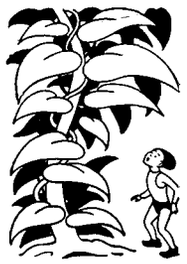
for your Children



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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

HOLLYWOOD.

"HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS" may be a reasonable theme song for the musical world when the Petrillo ban is in effect, but the brass and reeds are working overtime out here to lay away enough masters to keep the country in popular music for some time to come. Some bands are rumored to be cutting as many as seventy sides between now and January 1, with tunes of the future being hopefully scanned for likely material. So far as classical activity is concerned, the big companies are taking things in stride. The only Columbia sessions in prospect involve the Budapest Quartet, which is scheduled to make the E flat quartet of Mozart, and the B flat (opus 76, No. 4) of Haydn. I hear talk of a Heifetz album of transcriptions (violin, not electrical) for Victor, but nothing more. Back East, where the big orchestras are, matters are different, with Ormandy, Toscanini, and Koussevitzky doing things that were originally not contemplated until next year.

If you have noticed the identification of the Compinsky family of musicians with the ALCO label newly appeared on the market, it is more than a coincidence. The trade mark is actually a contraction of the 'cello-playing brother's name, Alec Compinsky, producing ALCO. One of their most recent sessions was devoted to a Hindemith sonata for piano and viola d'amore, written in 1929, and played by Sara Compinsky, piano, and Milton Thomas. That odd instrument, the viola d'amore, has been practically forgotten since the eighteenth century, and Hindemith is one of the few contemporaries attracted to it. It has fourteen strings in all: seven are actually bowed, and the others, arranged below, vibrate sympathetically.

* * *

The recent reappearance in New York of Louis Graveure recalled a comment of Emma Eames, the famous soprano, when news first came from Berlin that Graveure had changed from a baritone to a tenor. Overhearing, at a dinner party, mention of Graveure's success as Don José in "Carmen," Mme. Eames corrected the speaker, saying: "You mean, of course, that he had a great success as Escamillo." "No," she was informed, "Graveure has shaven off his beard, and become a tenor." "Well!" she exclaimed airily, "One more alteration and he'll be able to sing Micaela."

Another musician who has been out of sight for some time returned to view recently when George Antheil came down from the hills with the score of his symphony No. 5. In contrast to the fourth, it is a bright, lively work, "gay and effervescent," to quote Antheil, "bubbling over with the joys and pleasures of life." While bubbling, Antheil saved enough foam to write a piano sonata for Vladimir Horowitz.

* * *

As most record fanciers know, Rodgers and Hart wrote a score for Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" which was one of the delights of the Twenties. It was, in fact, revived on Broadway a season or two back, with substantial success. Thus, it should follow that the word of a film version of "The Connecticut Yankee" with Bing Crosby should be good news for lovers of "My Heart Stood Still," "Thou Swell," and the rest. Well, relax. Bing sings five songs in the picture, but they're all written by his favorite team of Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen.

* * *

The conflicting stories about Gian Carlo Menotti, composer of "The Medium" and "The Telephone," and his future in Hollywood, seem to resolve as follows: He will come to the Coast and direct a story written by himself, but he will not write any music for it. Most of his musical ideas at the moment are going into "The Consul," his musical play which deals with displaced persons.

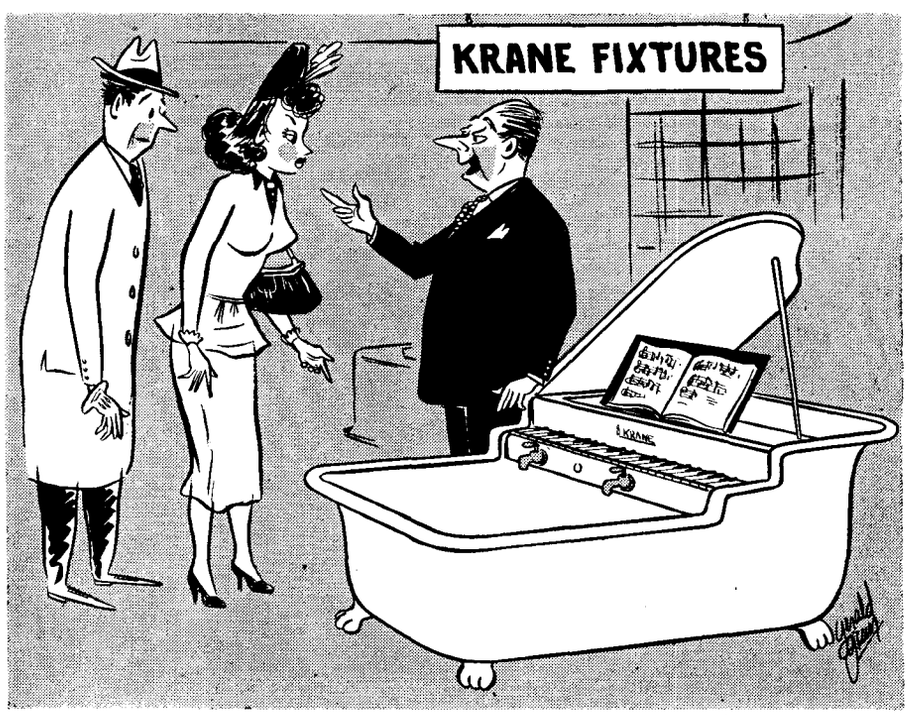
* * *

A Capitol record attributed to "Ten Cats and a Mouse" seems likely to be a collector's item, when and if it appears, regardless of its status on the Hit Parade. For it reveals, in "Jada" and a blues, the secret desire of some famous musicians to play an instrument other than the one with which they achieved success. Thus, Paul Weston, ordinarily a pianist, plays clarinet; vibes' man "Red" Norvo goes back to his first love, the piano; Benny Carter trades his alto sax for a tenor, and seated behind the drums is vocalist Peggy Lee. Capitol says the record will be out in December. We hope so.

* * *

That line in the "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia" under "Smetana Trio" reading "No recording available" will have to be revised soon. It has been done out here by a promising group of musicians: Louis Kaufman, violin; Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and William Van Den Burg, cello, and will be available in the near future. Vox is responsible for this. Also to appear for the first time in a domestic recording is the Rachmaninoff Trio in D minor, which ALCO is sponsoring. The Compinskys—Sara, Manuel, and Alec—are the performers here.

LEONARD HOFFMAN.



"And here's the post-war tub."

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BROADWAY

ON MAIN STREET

SINCE the Rodgers and Hammerstein "Allegro" is the most controversial musical show of the decade, there are naturally two violently contrasting schools of thought about it. One insists that it is virtually the ultimate masterpiece in its field, combining the most delectable virtues of "Oklahoma!," "Show Boat," and Thornton Wilder's non-musical "Our Town." The other proclaims that it is dull, fatuous, and pretentious, and that the only reason why it got any good notices at all is that some of the critics were afraid to state publicly that so eminent a writing team had provided the modern equivalent of Mark Twain's "Royal Nonesuch."

Then there is the school of the cowardly compromisers, to which this reviewer belongs. It is our contention that "Allegro" is neither a masterpiece nor a botch, but a good, worthily ambitious, and rather uneven show, which reveals a commendable pioneering determination to advance the frontiers of the American musical play, even though its success is incomplete.

It should surprise no one to learn that I found the new album containing the "Allegro" score persuasive evidence for my side of the case (Victor album K11, $4.75). I still regret that Rodgers is so concerned with writing music which can be integrated into the mood and story of his drama that he scorns the sort of popular tunes he managed so delightfully from "The Garrick Gayeties" to the incomparable "Pal Joey." I think he could continue to add such numbers to his shows without violating the spirit of his work, and I suspect there is something ironically melancholy in the way in which, when he needed a nostalgic, frankly popular song for the college dance number in the first act, he fell back on his fine old "Mountain Greenery" from the "Garrick Gayeties" instead of writing a new one. But it is nevertheless my impression that the music for "Allegro," while less effective than that of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," is gay and attractive, in addition to fitting effectively the mood of the narrative.

For some reason the cocktail-party number, known approximately as "Yatata Yatata," which is one of the high points of the inferior second act, has been omitted, but most of the other numbers, so far as I can recall, are present. It is my impression that "One Foot, Other Foot" is less effective in the recording than on the stage. As everyone who has seen "Allegro" at the Majestic Theatre would have expected, "The Gentleman Is a Dope," which isn't afraid to offer the ingredients of a popular number, is particularly effective and is skilfully put over by Lisa Kirk.

Of the strictly book pieces, "Joseph Taylor, Jr." and "I Know It Can Happen Again" appear most memorable, and, of the ones which stand on their individual effectiveness rather than depend on their relation to the mood of the narrative, there are "Money Isn't Everything" and "A Fellow Needs a Girl." "So Far" is agreeably presented by Gloria Wills, who is also so good in it on the stage. As a sort of negative approach to criticism, it is to be noted that both John Battles, who is effective as the hero, and Roberta Jonay are remarkably in the background in the recorded music and that John Conte, who is particularly good as the hero's more lightminded friend, is not heard at all.

Hearing the score of "Allegro" away from the assistance of the striking and somewhat elaborate production which has been accorded it on the stage, I am again impressed by the conviction that its music and lyrics leave the Hammerstein and Rodgers reputation just about where it was at the time they wrote "Carousel."

Turning to the album of the Jule Styne-Sammy Kahn score for "High Button Shoes" we arrive at something at once frankly popular and decidedly less ambitious (Victor album K-10, $4.20). Here again one of the show's most successful numbers has been omitted from recording—the bird-watchers' song. All of the music is pretty much what it seemed on the stage, gay, infectious, agreeable, and frankly derivative. As on the stage, "Papa, Won't You Dance With Me?" with "Get Away for a Day in the Country," "Can't You See Yourself?," "On a Sunday by the Sea"—which is the music for the hilarious Keystone Comedy ballet that Jerome Robbins has staged so wonderfully—and the particularly reminiscent "I Still Get Jealous," seem most attractive. The comic "Nobody Ever Died for Dear Old Rutgers" proves that Phil Silvers is considerably funnier when you see him.

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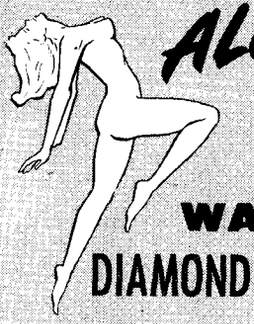

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

DURING the Edinburgh Festival and more recently in London a series of chamber-music concerts have been given by four musicians with widely different qualities: Joseph Szigeti, William Primrose, Pierre Fournier, and Artur Schnabel. Their concerts were highly successful and won great praise. Particularly notable was the ensemble they achieved. It was not in the style of the established groups, who have disciplined themselves to think and play as one mind, but rather of four individualists who have come together to discuss the composer they are interpreting. No performance can be the absolute performance, but such performances given by such artists can shed a new light, show new vistas, even if they have superficial deficiencies.

A taste of what I mean may be found in a recording of the Beethoven "A major sonata" (opus 69) played in a new H.M.V. recording by Schnabel and Fournier (DB 6464-6, or automatic DB 1123-5). The two fine performers are at their best, playing with great vitality and beauty of tone. I sincerely hope that this is a forerunner of other performances by these artists, and that the complete ensemble mentioned above will be recorded. Another Beethoven performance that may be highly commended is Victor de Sabata's "Pastoral" done by the Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome (H.M.V. DB 6473-7, automatic DB 9154-8). The music is played with almost astonishing vehemence, depicting a countryside throbbing with life and energy. You will find, particularly, the contrasts in dynamics are tremendous.

Appearance of Delius's "Song of the High Hills" with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Luton Choral Society (H.M.V. DB 6470-2, automatic DB 9151-3) brings back to mind the first time I heard this beautiful work. It was autumn 1929, in the Queens Hall (since, alas, destroyed by fire bombs) and the occasion was attended by the composer himself. He sat in a bath chair in the Grand Circle listening to what must have been one of the very few performances he ever heard of the work. He was by then both blind and paralyzed, and his presence made a deep impression on all of us. The magic of this music makes these records doubly welcome, and they are a triumph for all concerned.

Admirers of the performance by Dennis Brain of the Mozart Horn Concerto which recently appeared in America will welcome the news that he has made the early "Horn concerto" of Richard Strauss (Columbia DX 1397-8). He plays with the Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Aleco Galliera. Brain's phenomenal virtuosity is well known to some of you, but perhaps not the fact that he plays the difficult and uncertain French horn, not the more reliable German version of the instrument which has become so widely used in England and America in recent years.

Other concertos that have appeared recently in new recordings here are the Brahms B flat, with Solomon, piano, and Issay Dobrowen conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. C-3610-5, automatic C-7688-93); the Chopin F minor, with Malcuzynski, piano, and Paul Kletzki conducting the same orchestra (Columbia LX 1013-6, automatic LX 8671-4). For those who look for faithfulness to the written score, for great technical skill always harnessed to the music, who like their piano playing neat: Solomon is their man. I know that these very qualities combined with a personal humbleness to music have made Solomon so highly esteemed by those most discerning of critics, the British orchestral musicians. The reproduction is good and there is really beautiful pianissimo recording. My only complaint is that the playing of the eloquent cello solo in the third movement might have been more distinguished. Malcuzynski plays his Chopin in a really poetic style, though some of his pedaling is heavy for recording purposes. Other items of recent date are a new "Fantastique" of Berlioz by John Barbirolli and the Halle Orchestra; a D minor piano concerto of Brahms with Clifford Curzon, piano, and Enrique Jorda conducting the National Symphony Orchestra (English Decca); and Vaughan Williams's "The Lark Ascending," with David Wise, solo violin, and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic. Next month I shall have something to say about the new vocal records that have been coming along.

HERBERT MENGES.

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THE PLIGHT

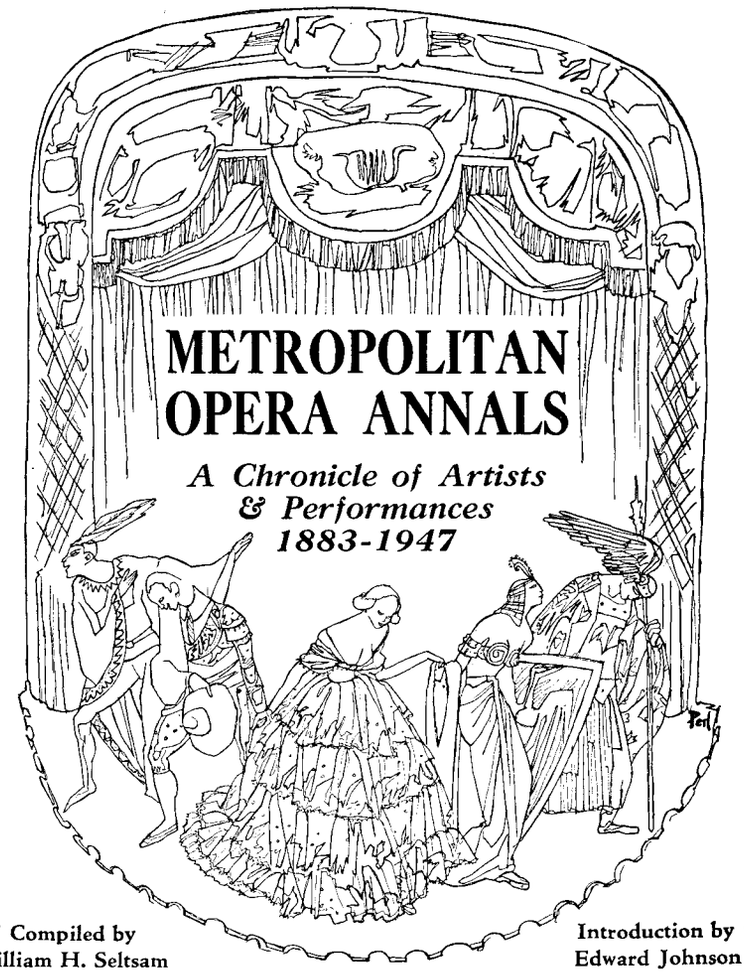
(*Continued from page 50*)

Thomsen's narrations of stories from her book, "East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon." I would add, then, for the whole family, Robert Shaw's masterful reading of a chapter from A. A. Milne's "The House at Pooh Corner." For my teacher I would buy the "Revolt of the Alphabet," with Ruth Chatterton telling the amusing story, and I would hope that my teacher, with whom I would be in love, would not notice the dreadful music which interrupts Miss Chatterton.

Generally in each case I would help myself by asking the clerk if the record or album was made in Hollywood. If he answered yes I would know that in all probability that version was not for me. Hollywood apparently is afraid to let a human voice go before the public without a symphony orchestra and a choir of voices for chaperones. The motion picture industry has such a plethora of actors and musicians, and it has been accustomed for so long to furbishing mediocre stories with the trappings of genius, that it no doubt could imagine no other way of approaching children except with an all-star cast, a hundred instruments, and a phalanx of sixty mixed voices. The children would rather hear one voice telling a good story, and so, of course, would their elders. What Hollywood and some of the Eastern record companies seem to forget is that when a child is listening to a story *the child knows the story is taking place in the mind of the story-teller and the child wants only to transfer the tale to his own mind, where he can play the parts of the characters.* An orchestra and a set or actors interfere with this process.

So if I were ten I would go to the record shop for my Christmas gifts, and if you care to know the truth that is where I am going anyhow, though I am at the thinly whittled end of my youth. I have someone on my list for the Pooh records, and someone for Long John Silver, and someone for Benjamin Britten's music, and someone for Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen's stories, and for myself I want Ronald Colman's Scrooge. The Christmas tree can't be lighted because of hotel regulations, and there isn't any attic into which I can crawl, but I don't care now who sees me weep for Tiny Tim, so I'll sit in the living room and listen to his one small song for the day on which the lost and lonely God comes forth from the dark womb of the soul of man.

After all, who can prove I am eleven?



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THE JAZZ BEAT

ELLINGTON THE NONPAREIL

LARGELY in the center of the path, now veering slightly left, then right in like measure, but always with upright artistry strides the Duke. It borders on the ridiculous to attempt a eulogy in this limited space, for there isn't room in this whole book to extol properly Edward Kennedy Ellington. Still it is something that has to be done periodically, something to get off one's chest, a candle to be burned in devotion.

To his music and perhaps his music alone in jazz may be paid the telling compliment of a universality of meaning; it has become the only accepted common ground between the schisms of *bebop* and the *rightists*. Few on either side will impugn the Duke's work as a whole although some will question the pretensions of his recent concert-hall appearances. Many devotees have deserted him in a fit of calumny because the orchestra is not the same as it was in '29—or in '39. This is at once a compliment, for a mode of expression that remains static becomes historic curiosa rather than art.

But His Perennial Majesty the Duke seems to go on forever. A recent release reveals his latest remake of "Diminuendo in Blue" (Musicraft 511, 79¢) which was first made for Brunswick early in 1939. Although this is a lesser work, practically sololess, it affords an oportunity to compare the two bands. Gone is the rough section work, the harshly beautiful texture which gave the band such a poignance of old. In its place, for better or for worse, is a cleaner, cooler band, more musically fluent, more rhythmically fluid. Both versions exemplify the good taste of the urbane master: hearing them again, one cannot fail to evoke memories (and a humble appreciation) of the hundreds of incomparable three-minute tone poems he has given to jazz.

LUCKY THOMPSON: *Boppin the Blues; Just One More Chance* (Victor 20-2504, 63¢).

Bebop continues its infiltration with the great Benny Carter making an interesting debut on the up-tempoed "Blues." Dodo Marmarosa and Neal Hefti contribute choruses fine enough to be engraved in gold and stored at Fort Knox. Thompson is a most agile and able tenor saxophonist.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC, *Vol. 6.* (Clef Album 100, $3.94).

Norman Granz, the JATP impresario, states in his program notes that this is the best of this series of concert-hall actualities; and for those who revere the star participants (Lester Young, Buddy Rich, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Buck Clayton, and others) it is a rewarding packet.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ALL STARS: *Fifty-fifty Blues; Someday.* (Victor 20-2530, 63¢).

It is humbly submitted that Victor should quit seeking hit material from Armstrong. The collectors' purchases should just about pay for the recording expense and, really, those cute Louis-Teagarden duets are beginning to show. Why not let Perry Como and Tommy Dorsey pay the rent instead of wasting the greatest jazz soloist?

JOHNNY GUARNIERI. (Keynote Album 141, $3.16).

The eclectic Guarnieri has little to say on these six sides, but the album is named after him because he is the only musician common to the two sessions included. There are delectable Barney Bigard solos on "Coquette" and "Rose Room."

DOC EVANS'S DIXIELAND FIVE. (Disc Album 714, $3.94).

Six fine antiques worthy of thorough examination, especially the exciting cornet of the leader. Mr. Evans, a thirty-nine-year-old Minneapolis gentleman, makes his belated recorde-but and, although surrounded by such luminaries as Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, and Tony Parenti, he cuts them to shreds.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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Some Highs and Lows

How High is Fidelity?

LAST MONTH I defined "high fidelity" as "a relatively high degree of naturalness, of faithfulness to the imagined original sound" —imagined, because not only do we virtually never hear the actual original sound but even if we were to hear it, the fact that reproduced sound is "one-eared" means that there can be no literal reproduction, no matter how well engineered, but only a very ingenious illusion of reality coming from your loudspeaker. Furthermore, if this illusion is not created at the source of the sound, by clever placement of microphones and control of acoustics and even of the performance itself, then no amount of fancy engineering from that point on is going to create the effect of high fidelity.

Take it for granted then that this primary aspect of faithfulness in the reproduction has been cared for: there is a long chain from that point on, that leads finally to the sound emitted by your speaker plus the acoustics of your own living room. The chain is very definitely no stronger than its weakest link, and possibly even weaker than that — for electrical weaknesses along the way are apt to be cumulative and the final sound you hear will reflect the faults of every link, not just the weakest! It's not surprising then that with so much talk of high-fidelity records, broadcasts, and pickups we find ourselves confused as to what we can hope for as an end product.

Phase two of high fidelity, from the microphone right through to the home loudspeaker by radio or recording, is concerned mainly with purely physical elements. There are two basic ways in which this complex electrical chain can be unfaithful to the sound as picked up by the microphones. One is the restriction of the range of tones transmitted, in respect to both the highest and lowest audible sounds in the original. The other is plain distortion, as an uneven mirror distorts in the reflecting. Of the two factors, range is nowadays the most talked about, but distortion is actually by far the most troublesome.

There is very little distortion in an FM broadcast wave—the Government sees to that—and distortion in standard (AM) broadcasting comes chiefly with distance, with the uneven, distorted reflection of the radio waves by the ionized layers of the upper atmosphere. Distortion on records is more common, especially in older records. But even so, the amount of distortion that actually enters into your home, either pressed into a record or via your radio antenna, is not very great. It is the home reproducer that is bound to make most of the trouble because it is the most inexpensive link in the entire chain. No matter how little distortion there is in your records or the radio signal you receive, your own machine will systematically add whatever its own special brand of distortion may be to the final sound that you hear. Sometimes this last-minute distortion is unbelievably bad; often too, to be fair, a home machine may do a remarkably good job for the trifling sum it cost compared to the expensive equipment used in broadcasting and recording.

Too many people think that "high fidelity"—at whatever stage—means merely an extended frequency range, especially in the direction of the higher tones, the overtones that give life and color to sound. A point that should be made a great deal more clear is that extended range is absolutely no guarantee of lack of distortion. In fact it is considerably easier to achieve an extended range of a sort than to banish distortion of the electrical signal. Moreover when it is understood that, for technical reasons, almost all of the electrical distortion appears in the higher tones, one can see that to extend the tonal range of any kind of home machine without redoubling the safeguards against distortion simply invites trouble.

Thus—to suggest some immediately practical applications—if you buy one of the new wide-range pickups and play a new wide-range record with it through your old machine you may be bringing out whole areas of terrible distortion in your equipment that were mercifully covered up by the fact that *all* higher tones were formerly suppressed, the bad along with the good. In the same way, the new FM tuners that attach to your radio or phonograph, while capable on their own of very fine reproduction of the wide-range, undistorted FM waves they receive, can do nothing whatsoever about the electrical signal once it is passed on into your regular radio. Feed an FM signal into a tinny portable radio and you'll get portable radio tone and nothing more. Don't misjudge "high fidelity" until you've actually heard it!

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Edward Tatnall Canby's

"The New Recordings"

each week in The Saturday Review

HITS AND MISSES

THE MORNING papers report the invention of a robot plane capable of traveling at supersonic speeds and carrying an atom bomb—yet there is still music. The Buchanan Brothers, for instance, with the Georgia Catamounts, offer a robust mountainside presentation of a philosophy which may still turn out to be the soundest of all, "There Is a Power Greater Than Atomic" (Victor 20-2553-A, 63¢). This is strong religious medicine, and those who feel that the large issues are altogether too much with them in this age of the world may prefer something in the way of escape music. What is perhaps the ultimate "Yes! We Have No Bananas"—I was dumfounded to discover I still enjoyed it—is done by Bob Russell with a relaxed, small jazz band accompaniment (Crown BL93, 79¢), and Perry Como sings the perennial "Two Loves Have I" in one of the glacial tempi so popular at the moment (Victor 20-2545-A, 63¢). We are indebted to Les Brown and his band for an elegant, andante version of "Dardanella" (Columbia 37933, 75¢), and old-fashioned partisans of "My Blue Heaven" could do a lot worse than Eddy Howard's rendition (Majestic 1177, 79¢).

ED & BETH TOGNERI

None of these pleasant resuscitations has very much musical muscle. For that we may turn to a rich piece of deep Southern blues singing and playing, "Lacey Bell," with Sonny Boy Williamson performing on his nostalgic harmonica, John Davis at the piano, Bill Broonzy on the guitar, Willie Dixon, string base, and Charles Sanders, drums (Victor 20-2521-A, 63¢). This is the Afro-American McCoy, the real back-country business, a very tough, durable fabric indeed. Another star effort in a radically different tradition is Charles Trenet's record of his own composition "La Mer," (Columbia 4499-M, $1) which has nothing to do with Debussy's magical masterpiece but is among the most winning works of a singer whom this department regards as one of the most engaging personalities it has ever seen in musical action. Trenet's tender salute to the beauties of the sea has, in its own Gallic way, something of the light, prismatic poignancy which used to characterize the songs of the great White Russian cabaret artist Alexander Wertinsky.

The influence of the latest fad in jazz—eloquently described as "bebop," or "rebop"—is beginning to be widely felt throughout popular music. The sources of "rebop" are clear enough: instrumentalists of great technical gifts and little or no lyric impulse (who, for that matter, can be blamed currently for that lack?) have simply carried ingenuity as far as it will go, producing an immensely skilful, desolate form of syncopation, stone cold dead in the market place—where, of course, it will have its hour of novelty and profits. Elements in almost any "rebop" performance are likely to have professional interest for instrumentalists, but to these ears the music in general is appallingly mechanistic, on the edge of paranoia. Samples: "Boppin' the Blues," by Lucky Thompson and his Lucky Seven (Victor 20-2504-B, 63¢); "Synthesis," by Charlie Ventura and his All American Sextet (National 9036, 79¢); "Futile Frustration," by Count Basie's orchestra (Victor 20-2529-B, 63¢); and "East Side, West Side," by Charlie Barnett's orchestra (Apollo 1084, 79¢).

One is reminded by the foregoing, and especially by the vocal chorus of "East Side, West Side," that the contest for the worst phonograph record in the world is unending. This month, however, there are some exceptionally strong contenders. This page's favorite is a treatment of Cole Porter's "In the Still of the Night," by Billy Eckstine and his orchestra (National 9037, 79¢). For reasons that elude this reviewer, Mr. Eckstein's forces approach the stilly, nocturnal mood of the song with a blast suggestive of the last trump, or possibly a labor riot at the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. Into this chaos Mr. Eckstine suddenly projects his mighty baritone with the effect of singing down a drain. Eckstine is a relative newcomer and may be expected to improve.

WILDER HOBSON.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Dorsey, Jimmy: "I Still Get Jealous" MGM 10098, 63¢	Entertaining excerpt from "High Button Shoes," well sung by Bill Lawrence and Dee Parker. Not much to be said about over-side "Green Dolphin St."
Duchin, Eddie: "Duchin Plays Tchaikovsky," Columbia set 154, $3.75	In the old days when he was known simply as Eddie, the pianist in Leo Reisman's band, Duchin had a casual cocktail-hour style of pianism that was ornate but pleasantly sentimental. Eddie, now an American institution, is here at work with a windy vocal chorus; he should return to the musical privacy of old.
Goodman, Benny: "Nagasaki," and "Gonna Get a Gal" Capitol 15008, 79¢	Frantic introduction to "Nagasaki" will scare you with virtuosity, but the shock will wear off. Cool chamber-music jazz, in white tie and tails.
Eberly, Bob: "Don't You Love Me Anymore?" and "When I Write My Song" Decca 24195, 79¢	Able warbling by able warbler Eberly, with fine accompaniment from Eddie Heywood at the piano. "When I Write My Song" is a theft from "Samson and Delilah" by same hands that snitched "Till the End of Time."
Fitzgerald, Ella: "Don't You Think I Ought to Know?" and "You're Breaking in a New Heart" Decca 24157, 79¢	Versatile-voiced Ella is more to taste in "Don't You Think I Ought to Know?" well served by backers-up under Bob Haggert. Excellent recording, incidentally.
Godfrey, Arthur: "Too Fat Polka," Columbia 37921, 75¢	An excellent buy for the polkaddict. The theme is direct—"She's Too Fat for Me"—its presentation inpeccable.
Haymes, Dick: "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" and "My Future Just Passed," Decca 24168, 79¢	Forehanded question by Haymes is lyrically phrased, with usual embellishments. Les Paul Trio works well in the background.
Kenton, Stan: "Curiosity" and "Theme to the West" Capitol 15005, 79¢	June Christy does a neat vocal on the first, a sequel to "His Feet's Too Big," which makes everything charming, Cal-*ipso facto*. Second is pretentious, overblown, and withal feeble.
Price, Jesse: "Nagasaki," and "Jump It With a Shuffle" Capitol 40047, 63¢	Slick tympanist Price with a slick studio combo including Eddie Miller, Pete Dailey, and Tommy Linehan. Bouncy stuff, which jumps.
Shaw, Artie: "The Glider" and "When You're Around" Musicraft 512, 79¢	Tasteful setting of a Basie original distinguishes "The Glider," with Shaw playing fine lead clarinet. "Around," won't be long.
Shore, Dinah: "St. Louis Blues," "Tess's Torch Song," "Bill," "When a Woman Loves a Man" Columbia, set D-1, $1.75	Four scorches from a rather deliberate flame. Dinah can be easier and better in material of this sort.
Stone, Jesse: "An Ace in the Hole" V-20-2554, 79¢	A fine old Broadway specialty, briskly served by Stone and men.
Thornhill, Claude: "Warsaw Concerto" C-37940, 75¢	The erstwhile hot pianist, far sunk in decline toward imitation Rachmaninoff. Thornhill's next should be the Gracie Allen "Concerto for Orchestra and Index Finger."
Three Suns: "That Old Gang of Mine" V-20-2513, 79¢	Classic drones on the hotel barroom organ, by masters of the manner.
Waters, Ethel: "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe," "Little Black Boy," "A Hundred Years From Today," "Throw the Dirt," "Summertime," and "Suppertime," Mary Howard Records MHR-H2, $3.47	Good to have the fine old veteran back again, in excellent voice and good spirits. However aside from her two-timing—"Supper" and "Summer"—the material wastes her abilities. Good recording.
White, Josh: "The Man Who Couldn't Walk Around" Apollo 157, 79¢	Homely contribution, with guitar, to the F.D.R. hagiography. Troubadouring of high quality.
Young, Lester: "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Afternoon of a Basie-ite," etc. Keynote set 148, $2.37	These two are not unworthy of being called "classic" sides, for "Pres" Young has here grooved his best work since the days when he sat in the great Basie band with Herschel Evans. "Sometimes I'm Happy" also has a fine solo by Slam Stewart on bass and the piano playing of Johnny Guarnieri is in his best Basie manner.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Kirsten Pro and Con

SIR: What you wrote concerning Dorothy Kirsten's disc of the two "Bohême" arias is by no means clear to a friend of mine, nor to me. Because I think it is a magnificent one, I interpret your remarks as favorable; because he dislikes her singing intensely, he claims that he has your opinion, a similar one, to back him up. Would you please do us a great favor and settle this dispute?

ALAN A. BLACKMAN.

Belle Harbor, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though the SRR is not Scripture, it can be quoted two ways as well. I noted that Miss Kirsten did not sing as easily as Albanese or Sayao, but that her delivery was "intent"—also "shrill"—of "marked emotional impact." Qua recording, it is the best available. So you have my permission to like her interpretation, and your friend has equal license to dislike her voice.*

Re-Record?

SIR: I was very pleased to see your feature "Time to Re-Record" and your initial choices. The sport of planning recordings is a dream of every record collector, and there are few of us who do not have pages of notes ready for the mythical day when we assume control of a company where Toscanini, Walter, Beecham, Szigeti, and Schnabel are at our disposal. Requests to the major companies I have always found wasted effort, but I do have a few preferences I'd like to nominate for re-recording: Schumann, "Fantasie opus 17"; Mahler, "Symphony No. 2"; Borodin, "Symphony No. 2"; Mozart, "Piano Concerto No. 20"; a new Toscanini "Eroica" but not the forthcoming Koussevitzky; Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms," as done by Shaw at Tanglewood. Whatever happened to Schnabel's contract with Victor? I am still waiting for Schubert's B flat piano sonatas, some Mozart, and the other three Beethoven piano concerti.

RAOUL GERSTER.

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: It is time, not for a new version of Cataloube's "Chants d'Auvergne" but for a reissue of the incomparable old Columbia Green Label one, sung by Madeleine Gray. I know of no single record more sought after by myself and friends. Can't you bring pressure to bear on the powers that be to re-release this gem?

ADELINE L. NAIMAN.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The pressure we have to bring on the recording companies wouldn't break an eggshell, but we are willing to take orders for delivery to Columbia on this treasurable Gray disc. Who wants it?*

Better with Benno

SIR: Would you kindly inform me which of the following sets is a more desirable performance of the Tchaikovsky "Piano Concerto No. 2": Shura Cherkassky with the Santa Monica Symphony Society, or Benno Moisevitch on imported H.M.V.

CHARLES FISHBURN, JR.

Chico, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Moisevitch release is older, but a better balanced recording than the Cherkassky. Moreover, I think you would get more of the music in this piece from Moisevitch than you would from Cherkassky.*

"The Younger Set"

SIR: *The Saturday Review* has been reaching our mail box (through rain and storm and blizzard) for several years now. We couldn't do without it. We were very pleased therefore to have the additional music numbers which add to our enjoyment and bring the modern world of music to this hill farm. Particularly interesting is the department "The Younger Set," which seems to have such constructive criticism, as well as good advice, for parents who have so much to choose from and so little opportunity to select wisely.

MAXINE FROST SWAN.

Whitingham, Vt.

No Guideposts, Please

SIR: I should like to echo Mr. Babitz's protest against the use of "left-wing," "center," and "right-wing" when reviewing jazz records. Duke Ellington's platitude still holds: "There are two kinds of jazz, good and bad." To set up artificial categories is only to intensify the ridiculous internecine war that has been burgeoning among jazz critics and followers in the last few years. It tends further to discourage the neophyte listener from hearing some music that might be very much to his taste. . . .

NAT HENTOFF.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Reading the discussions in the musical supplement of *SRL* concerning the derivations and relative importance of swing and bebop . . . one is reminded of the couplet penned by Alexander Pope, commenting "On the Feuds between Handel and Bonocini" in the eighteenth century. He wrote:

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee

WILLIAM SMALL.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Tweedle-Dee (Handel) has long survived Tweedle-Dum (Bonocini), there was apparently a reason for the distinction being made. However, as all hands are agreed on the soundness of Ellington's platitude, we are leaving future guideposts to be filled in by the individual reader, if that is his choice.*

G-E vs. RCA

SIR: I should very much appreciate it if you could give me your opinion or observation as to the desirability or possibility of substituting on my machine a G-E electronic cartridge. I have the RCA Crestwood Model, and while it is generally satisfactory, there does exist a certain amount of scratch or roughness in some of the records. I have wondered if the G-E reproducer could be used instead of the one with which the RCA is equipped and whether you have found this would make sufficient improvement to make the change.

CHARLES H. ROSS.

Tampa, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The problem involved would be more than merely substituting the G-E cartridge for the RCA point, for it would require revision also of the amplifier. From personal experience with the Crestwood I might suggest a change of the point itself if you have been using it for some time, as I discovered such a change measurably improved the quality of reproduction.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for Box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WANTED: Old Pathé recordings by Arnold Volpe, playable condition. Cash. Box R-41.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA, GA. (*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Civilization (V)	Jazz at the Phil. (D)	Toccata and Fugue (V)	Beethoven Sym. No. 5 (HMV)
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Mozart: Adagio (V)	B Minor Mass (V)
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. (*Stairway to Music, Inc.*)	Hurry on Down (Cap.)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	"Butterfly" (V)
BOSTON (*Boston Music Co.*)	Near You (B)	Oklahoma (D)	Jalousie (V)	Beethoven No. 5 (C)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Ballerina (V)	Glenn Miller (V)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne (C)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's*)	Near You (B)	Campus Favorites (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne (C)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Whiffenpoof (V)	Young People's Guide (C)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Near You (D)	Al Jolson Album (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Liszt Concerto No. 1 (V)
DETROIT (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Near You (B)	Al Jolson (D)	Paganini Var. (V)	Gayne (C)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay No. 2 (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
KANSAS CITY, MO. (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Near You (B)	Glenn Miller (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (all versions)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Du Bist de Ruh (HMV)	Haydn Trios (Par)
MEMPHIS (*Words and Music*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Mort de Thais (V)	Les Sylphides (V)
MIAMI (*Associated Stores*)	You Do (Cap)	Glenn Miller (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne (C)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's*)	Too Fat Polka (C)	Crosby Xmas Album (D)	Poloniase (V)	Johann Strauss Album (V)
NEW ORLEANS (*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Civilization	Dorothy Shay (C)	Paganini Var. (V)	Liszt Concerto No. 1 (V)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Whiffenpoof (D)	Edith Piaf Album (Vox)	Vivaldi Concerto Grosso (K)	Liszt Concerto No. 1 (V)
(*Dynamic*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Civilization (D)	Dorothy Shay No. 2 (C)	Tagliavini: "Tosca" aria (Cetra)	Haydn Sym. No. 94 (V)
(*Heins and Bolet*)	Ballerina (V)	Crosby Xmas Album (D)	Malagueña (C)	Wagner Program (V)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
(*Rabson's, Inc.*)	Fellow Needs a Girl (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Bachianas Brasielieras (C)	"Wozzeck" excerpts (Artist)
OMAHA (*Lyons and Healy, Inc.*)	Near You (V)	Dorothy Shay No. 2 (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Tchaikovsky Concerto (V) (Horowitz-Toscanini)
(*The Record Shop*)	Near You (B)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Liszt Concerto No. 1 (V)
PORTLAND, ME. (*Cressey and Allen*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Strauss Waltzes (V)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*The Record Shop*)	Near You (D)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (V)
ROCHESTER (*Esler's*)	Near You (V)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Whiffenpoof (V)	Wagner Program (V)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Near You (B)	Brigadoon (V)	Paganini Var. (V)	"Butterfly" (V)

Key: B—Bullet C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D—Decca Disc HMV—His Master's Voice K—Keynote Par.—Parlophone V—Victor

Leaders: By the count of twenty-nine stores, the tune Americans craved most to hear last month was still "Near You," with fifteen preferring the version of its creator, on Bullet, the other two fancying other performers. Dorothy Shay's only rival for leadership among popular albums was Dorothy Shay, her first volume being reported by thirteen stores, the new second volume by three. José Iturbi's playing of "Clair de Lune" continues to lead the single classical records, noted by eight stores, while the "Gayne" ballet suite was the best-selling album in five shops.

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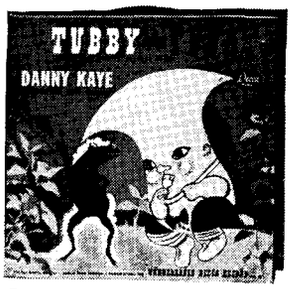

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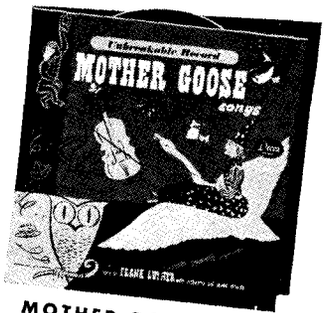

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